

# THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }  
VOL. III }

No. 3759 July 22, 1916

{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCXC }

## CONTENTS

I. The Resurgence of Russia. <i>By Robert Machray</i> . . . . .	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	195
II. The Pan-German Plan and Its Antidote. <i>By R. W. Seton-Watson</i> . . . . .	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	206
III. Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends. Chapter VIII. <i>By S. Macnaughtan.</i> (To be continued) . . . . .		211
IV. New Light on the Elizabethan Theatre. <i>By W. J. Lawrence</i> . . . . .	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	220
V. Benjamin Disraeli . . . . .	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	227
VI. The Treason of Corporal Aristide Lemieux. <i>By C. R. L. Fletcher</i> . . . . .	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	235
VII. A Convenient Conscience. <i>By F. A.</i> . . . .	PUNCH	248
VIII. Herbalism. <i>By the Rev. Canon Vaughan</i> . . . . .	OUTLOOK	249
IX. Scarcity in Germany . . . . .	ECONOMIST	252

## A PAGE OF VERSE

X. Springtime in England: A Memory in Exile. <i>By Florence A. Vicars</i> . . . . .	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	194
XI. A Field. <i>By E. M.</i> . . . . .	NEW WITNESS	194
XII. An Old Garden. <i>By M. M. Johnson</i> . . . . .		194
XIII. A Forest Glade. <i>By Hugh A. MacCartan</i> . . . . .		194
BOOKS AND AUTHORS . . . . .		254



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

### SPRINGTIME IN ENGLAND: A MEMORY IN EXILE.

Spring in English meadows, and the  
little flowers blowing!

The little flowers, the dear flowers, to  
make the children's posies;

Cuckoo-flowers like fairy gowns, and  
pale primroses.

Gold and white of buttercups and  
daisies gaily showing,

And a heaven of bluebells by the cop-  
pice growing.

(Close your eyes and see them.  
Hold your breath and smell them.

Nor primrose blooms, nor daisy here,  
by far Ontario).

Spring in English meadows, and the  
brown birds singing!

Hear the silver rain of the lark's song  
falling.

Lark's note and linnet's note, and all  
the thrushes calling;

A vagrant cuckoo's voice thro' the cop-  
pice ringing,

And the blackbird's whistle, on the  
pear-spray swinging.

(Close your eyes and see them.  
Sleep, and dream you hear them.

Songless flit the bright birds here by  
blue Ontario.)

*Florence A. Vicals.*

Toronto, Canada, 1916.

The Westminster Gazette.

### A FIELD.

Here sorrow has no beauty, death no  
greatness

Where the dumb fields from Heaven  
to Heaven run

In a dull poverty of desolateness  
Under a blind sky, and the rain is spun  
In a gray web that long has slain the  
sun.

To go down reeling in a wild endeavor,  
Or take unconquered in a heart of scorn  
The inevitable sword—were well—but  
never

In these low lands to watch as soon as  
born

The golden thread in abjectness out-  
worn.

The worth of all things is what men will  
pay,  
And for these mean fields men die every  
day.

The New Witness.

*E. M.*

### AN OLD GARDEN.

Damson and dahlia, rose and pea,  
Hollyhock, hive and sun-kissed walls:  
Hark; through the boughs a ripe pear  
falls;

(Lavender, thyme and rosemary).

Fair as the sun, with laughing eye,  
Lady my love, in gown of green,  
Ripe as the fruit thy cheeks are seen,  
(Lavender, thyme and rosemary).

Columbine, sunflower, bird in tree,  
Honey-love bee with golden thigh,  
Tell to the winds she passeth by!  
(Lavender, thyme and rosemary).

*M. M. Johnson.*

### A FOREST GLADE.

Tomorrow will be all my own, and I  
Shall watch each crystal moment  
flash and fade

Into long hours of rapture, in the shade  
Of giant pines that gird the mountains  
high.

My heart shall put the world away and  
lie

All open to the discords of the glade—  
Faint-rustling ferns, a rabbit's peace  
betrayed.

The laughter of a brooklet gurgling by,  
And I shall hear within my passive  
brain

The hollow woodland's muffled under-  
tone

Full of strange meanings, till the earth  
has grown

Golden, the city but a foolish dream.  
And as I wander homeward it will  
seem

That Beauty queens it in the world  
again.

*Hugh A. MacCartan.*

## THE RESURGENCE OF RUSSIA.

Germany believed that in September last she had broken Russia by that tremendous Austro-German offensive which was initiated by Marshal Mackensen in Galicia in the preceding May. She based this conviction on "successes that bordered on the fabulous"—the conquest of almost all Galicia, Poland, Lithuania, and Courland within a period of less than five months. She has made many mistakes, but none profounder than this; Russia had not been broken, for at most she had only been bent back by the enemy, and there was no "decision." In a candid article, entitled "Resolute Russia," which appeared in the October number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*, the writer reviewed the existing situation, and while not extenuating the serious losses our great Ally had suffered, stated that the Czar and his people faced them with unchanged and unchangeable determination to continue the colossal conflict until, in combination with the other Allies, final and complete victory was achieved. Since the publication of that article not much apparently has occurred on Russia's European front as regards gain or loss of territory, though on the whole the Russians have somewhat improved their position, but a great deal has taken place on her Asiatic front which cannot but have caused Germany to feel less certain of the truth of her belief that Russia was hopelessly beaten and impotent. Yet in the Reichstag, in April, two months after the fall of Erzerum, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor, spoke of Russia as if he still considered her powerless to effect any alteration to her advantage of the state of things.

He said that history, by which he meant Germany, had "advanced the iron step," and that there was no re-

tracing it. He elucidated this metaphorical sentence by asking if Germany would ever again voluntarily hand over to the rule of "reactionary Russia" the peoples that had been freed by Germany and her allies between the Baltic and Volhynia, whether they were Poles, Lithuanians, Balts, or Letts? Having defiantly answered this question in the negative, he went on to declare that Russia would not a second time be permitted to mobilize her armies on the unprotected frontier of West and East Prussia, and never more be allowed to use, with the help of French gold, the land of the Vistula for the invasion of unprotected Germany. Poland was to be a new Poland, because the shock of battles had reopened the whole Polish question, and had utterly nullified the *status quo ante*. With a characteristic perversion of the fact, the Chancellor maintained that even members of the Duma had openly admitted that they could not imagine the return of the *tchinovnik* to the place where a German, an Austrian, and a Pole had in the meantime labored honestly in unhappy Poland! Of course, no member of the Duma had said anything of the sort. Knowing very thoroughly the cruel and tyrannical manner in which Germany treated the Poles within her own borders before the War the Polish deputies in the Russian Parliament, as well as practically the totality of the Poles, in Russia, elected to stand by Russia after the War broke out, and they remain unequivocally pro-Russian, in spite of certain inducements and blandishments to the contrary on the part of those who now are in occupation of their country. Thousands of Poles have sealed their devotion to Russia with their blood on the terrible battlefields of the Eastern Theatre of the War.

But the point to notice particularly in the portion of Bethmann-Hollweg's speech which is quoted, almost literally, above, is the frank avowal that Germany designs to keep permanently what she at present holds of Russian territory. Thus saith Germany, "unconquered and unconquerable"—according to him. His comment on the capture of Erzerum from the Turks by the Russians was that the latter had taken the city by hurling against it forces many times stronger than those which defended it, but that they would be speedily repelled when the former brought up their reinforcements. And he spoke with an air of contempt of the collapse on the European front of all the efforts of the Russian storming columns to drive "Hindenburg and his brave men" from their trenches. Seeking to impress his countrymen, their friends abroad, and neutrals, he made the most and the best of his case, and he was especially careful not to prejudice it by even a hint at those features of the situation with regard to Russia which would inevitably suggest a decidedly less favorable view. His rôle was not of a judge but of an advocate, and his utterances were charged with all the plausibility of the special pleader.

After drawing attention to the Allies' "fiasco of the Dardanelles," he mentioned, with compliments and congratulations to Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria, that after Serbia had been conquered Montenegro and Northern Albania had been occupied. He bragged about Verdun, as if it were certain to pass into German hands; had he spoken a month later his tone, it may be guessed, would have been just a trifle hesitant; but he doubtless would have added Kut to the list of German gains, and have commented glibly on its influence in the Near and the Middle East. On the other hand, he would have been stubbornly silent, it may be presumed, about Ireland. As it was,

he was dumb with respect to several essential factors. He had nothing to say regarding the failure of the Central Powers to make further headway against Russia in Europe; he had no fine story to tell of the fall of Dvinsk and Riga, and of that advance on Petrograd which all Germany expected to hear months ago. He omitted to indicate what was going on behind the long Russian line from the Baltic to Rumania—the growing menace of the millions of soldiers being drilled and armed, and eager; the assembling of guns great and small in immense numbers; the production, acquisition, and bringing up to the front of a vast assortment of shells and other munitions; the mobilization beyond all previous conception of Russia's industrial resources, and her discovery of her power of organization; the inflexibility of the resolution of the Czar and his people, and the serenity, in spite of all their sacrifices, with which they continue to look on to the end. He did, however, touch on one more aspect of Germany *versus* Russia, and to those who are acquainted with the history of the latter, what he said on this point is extraordinarily significant.

Von Bethmann-Hollweg complained that since the commencement of the War the Russian Government had done everything it possibly could to "rob and drive out of Russia Germans of both Russian and German nationality." He declared, amid the vociferous cheers of the Reichstag, that it was the duty and business of Germany to demand of the Russian Government that it should make good the "wrong thus done to all human rights," and that it should "open the door out of Russian slavery to her persecuted and tortured countrymen." The complaint and the consequent demand mean nothing more or less than that Russia has been successfully setting her house in order by liberating it from that German domi-



nance within the Empire which had existed for quite two hundred years, and had become more and more oppressive and burdensome to her as a nation. So long had the German yoke been fastened on the necks of the Russians that many of them did not realize what was the true nature of the weight that was bearing so heavily upon them. In the West we are only beginning to comprehend to what a pitch the Germanization of Russia had proceeded. That Germanization had its roots in commerce as well as politics. Before the War fifty per cent of the trade of Russia was transacted by Germans, who were privileged over their Russian competitors by unfair conditions under a treaty which gave much to Germany and precious little to Russia; Germany was with a vengeance the most favored nation, and took remorseless advantage of her opportunities.

There was a time when the Germans had been welcome in Russia; there was a long period in which Russian policy leaned on Germany, but this was closed when the Czar Alexander the Third succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Alexander the Second, and discovered that Germany was plotting with Austria behind Russia's back; hence he was led to find an ally in France. Yet the commercial and cultural Germanization of Russia went on apace, and though somewhat disguised her political penetration was by no means abandoned. Considerable and distinctively German colonies were planted in not a few parts of the Empire. In Moscow a society flourished whose express purpose was to propagate the German language, customs, and *Kultur* in Russia, and it included many Russians of German descent. Throughout European Russia there were numerous Russians of German origin whose sympathies lay with Germany, and they were centers of pro-German in-

trigue and influence. But it also should be stated that there were, and are, Russians whose forefathers were German, who have become thorough Russians. Since the outbreak of the War the attitude of the Russians as a nation has absolutely changed towards the Germans and everything German; they hate the Germans and even those Russians whose descent is German. Russia has taken various measures for extirpating all the German elements from the country, and the complaint of the German Chancellor bears emphatic witness to their efficacy. Occasioned to some extent by the grievous losses Russia has endured, one of the most striking effects of the War is the growth in Russia of a feeling for Russia as Russia, as something dear and loved, worth living and dying for—an active and vitalizing patriotism. In other words, Russia is increasingly realizing herself as national, and the fiat has gone forth—No Germans need apply! This development of national feeling—it goes deeper than sentiment—has a great deal to do with the resurgence of Russia, which, if the truth were known, fills Germany and her congeners with profound astonishment and serious apprehension, but has a very different interest for the Entente and the rest of the world.

That resurgence may almost be said to have manifested itself some weeks before the Austro-German offensive of 1915 came to an end. Looking back now over all the stages of that world-shaking campaign, it is easy to see that the last striking success of that offensive was the capture of Vilna on the 18th of September. At the time it did not seem likely that it would be the last, so overwhelming had the attack been, but from that date till the close of the fighting the enemy was unable to record any event of anything like similar importance; on the contrary, though he effected some

further gain in territory, he failed utterly in attaining what, after the envelopment and destruction of the Russian armies had proved beyond him, became his main object. This was the possession of the railway running from north to south athwart the Russian center, the line from Dvinsk through Vilna and Luninietz to Rovno. He tried hard to achieve it, but all his efforts, which were very considerable and most persistent, were frustrated. Indeed, nothing in the War is more remarkable than the magnificent manner in which the Russians, in spite of the terrible hammering they had undergone, rallied in the latter part of that September and defeated the German plans. Their splendid resistance continued throughout October and into November in the north, center, and south of their long front of over 700 miles, and the fact is that the Russians, even before climatic conditions had come to their assistance, had fought so well that the great enemy offensive had been stayed. A thing that helped them materially was the arrogant over-confidence of Germany, who thought she had absolutely overthrown Russia, as in her Press she vaunted, and this idea led her to transfer from that area several divisions (seventeen or more), some to France to meet the French offensive in the Champagne and the British at Loos, and others to Hungary for the assault, in combination with Bulgaria, on Serbia. Yet the Austro-German forces arrayed against our Ally were still numerous and strong, and it may be supposed that the enemy believed they were sufficient for his purpose; when he found that he was mistaken he brought up fresh formations, but he did not prevail.

It was in the north and in the south more especially that he tried to obtain further substantial results; in the center his attempts were much less vigorous. To take the last first. He made one violent push east of Vilna

towards Polotsk and Minsk, but the Russians withstood it and held it up after many days of desperate fighting, recapturing Smorgon and Vileika and, maintaining themselves in possession of the railway junctions of Minsk and Molodetchna, prevented any out-flanking movement from the latter on Dvinsk. In the north, driven to make solely frontal attacks on the Dvinsk-Riga line, the Germans, with their right wing, succeeded in the fourth week of October, after prodigious efforts that cost them very dear, in beating back the Russians to Illukst, a few miles west of Dvinsk, but there they were stopped and, later, were forced to retire from some points they had occupied. South of Dvinsk our Ally, by winning, about the 11th of November, the battle of Platonovka, one of the bitterest in the War, was at length able to assume the offensive and compel the enemy to give ground. Nor with his left wing was the latter more successful in the Riga sector; he scored one or two victories and subsequent advances, but in the end he was checked and defeated in a series of operations in which the Russian Baltic Fleet co-operated. In the south a protracted struggle—it lasted for nearly two months—went on in the region of the Middle Styry; here the Russians in November finally pinned down the Austro-Germans to the positions which they had occupied in September on the west side of the river. On the Strypa, lower down in the south, much sanguinary fighting, marked by alternations of fortune, in which the village of Siemikovitse was prominent, closed in November with the enemy here also on the west side of the river.

As November waned a lull set in on Russia's European front. Germany had been unable to accomplish the objects which, after her entry into Vilna, she had set before her; neither Riga nor Dvinsk, in the north, neither

Rovno nor Tarnopol, in the south, was in her hands. While it would be absurd to affirm that the great Austro-German offensive which began in May last ended in a complete "fizzle," it is not too much to say that it finished in a manner very much less favorable to her than Germany had, with some reason, anticipated. And this is by no means all. The fighting on the southern front of Russia's European line, where at the time General Ivanoff was in chief command, may well be judged to have had other motives behind it than the checking and repelling of the enemy's offensive in that area, though that, too, was achieved. October and November witnessed the Serbian tragedy. During that period, as for some weeks previously, many reports had been current of the massing in the south of Russia of troops which, it was rumored, were intended for action in the Balkans. As time went on, it was evident that this rumor, like so many another in the War, was without foundation, but it soon was certain that Russia had been massing troops somewhere. Meanwhile Ivanoff's efforts, which went far beyond the defensive, had, together with these reports, had a particular and calculated effect on the general situation. This became clearer perhaps when he resumed the fighting in December and continued it into February. It was announced from Petrograd that this resumption of the struggle had been made with a view to forestalling an offensive of the enemy; that offensive was forestalled, but the statement did not cover the whole truth.

In the meantime some important things had happened. The enemy had moved up several Austro-German divisions from Serbia, Bulgarian soldiers had assembled in force over against Rumania, and the *Turks had remained stationary*. Consequently the projected attack on the Anglo-French

Expedition at Salonika was not delivered, the Turks discontinued their preparations for the advertised invasion of Egypt, and the Grand Duke got his chance in the Caucasus—the opening for which Ivanoff had been playing all the while. It was in Asia, in Persia as well as in Armenia, that Russia had been concentrating the large bodies of troops of which report had spoken. Germany had been thoroughly mystified and completely misled, the result being a magnificent triumph for our Ally and a lightening and brightening up of the general position of the Entente Powers, particularly for ourselves in the East at a juncture when assistance was never more opportune. It can readily be imagined how dire might, and indeed must, have been the effect on our prestige all over the Eastern world of the fall of Kut, following on the failure at Baghdad, if Russia had not secured effective control of Persia. Speaking to the members of the Russian Parliament who, during last month, were on a visit to England on the invitation of our Government, Mr. Asquith observed that in Persia the Russians had completely transformed the situation, which had "contained elements of grave menace." This is the case, but it is only right to add that the menace was directed far more at the British Empire through India than at Russia. The Russians have done us a great service, and though their general strategy has doubtless been the subject of the careful consideration of all the Allies in council, the fact remains that they carried out and made good the plans which had been formed by the Entente Powers.

At the commencement of the present year the position of the Allies with respect to Persia was still very serious. In the previous year German intrigues had come to a head in that distracted country; they had been going on for a

long time, and had been prosecuted with the most unscrupulous cleverness and audacity. Very nearly did the plotters succeed in compromising the young Shah; he was on the edge of joining them in November, but Russia marched her troops to a point within one day's march of Teheran, where he was staying, and the boy sovereign, convinced by this demonstration of her power, thereupon entered into an agreement with Russia and Great Britain, who had been privy to her Ally's proceedings in this quarter, to maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality. The conspirators, who had made sure of an issue to their schemes which would be fortunate for them, fled precipitately from the capital to Kum and Hamadan, but only to be driven out of these towns, and dispersed in December. Enemy *agents provocateurs* had been incredibly active in stirring up strife, and all Persia, save where the Russians were dominant, was in a ferment. In connection with the Baghdad Railway Germany had been seeking, usually by characteristically devious methods, to get a territorial foothold on the Persian Gulf, but all her attempts in this direction had been foiled by the British. Her aims and ambitions, however, went far beyond the Gulf, and the War revealed them. In March of last year the Secretary for India published through the newspapers a statement in which he said that documentary evidence was in the hands of our Government which proved that German Consuls and merchants in Persia were intriguing with a view to facilitating the Turkish invasion of Persia and raising the tribes against England. Arms had been sent by Germany to the tribesmen. More than that: in this same communication he further declared that an elaborate plot, in which a German Consul was a prime mover, had been unearthed that had for its

objective Afghanistan, the Frontier, and the Indian Army. Pamphlets addressed to the Indian soldiers in their native tongues incited them to take advantage of the opportunity given by the War to rise, slay their British officers, and shake off the hated yoke of Great Britain. The Mohammedans in that Army were urged to join in a holy war against the infidel English, thus emulating the example of their co-religionists in other lands.

India remained on the whole irresponsible and calm,\* but it can scarcely be doubted that the enemy might have worked a certain amount of mischief if Russia had been less energetic in the handling of the troubled condition of Persia. As the year opened the position was grave, for the Russians, under pressure of a Turkish advance from Mosul, had retreated to Mian-doab, south of Lake Urmia, and on the 13th of January the important town of Kermanshah, on the road from Teheran to Baghdad, was occupied by a mixed force of Germans, Austrians, and Persian malecontents, the last including some members of the Persian Parliament. But things began to assume another complexion when a part of the Army of the Caucasus, to whose charge Russia's interests in Persia are entrusted, took Kangavar on the 15th of January and Sultanabad on the 20th. General Baratoff captured Kermanshah on the 26th of February, and commenced his march towards Baghdad. Moving south from Kum, a Russian detachment forced the enemy out of Ispahan on the 19th of March, and with our Government's approval is now operating in what is known as the British Sphere.

\*In an interview recently given to the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, Lord Hardinge stated that an Anarchist plot, which had been directly instigated by Germany, through agents who had considerable funds at their disposal, had been timed to break out in Bengal on Christmas Day 1915. The Indian Government, however, obtained news of the projected rising, and took steps forthwith which rendered the affair abortive. (*Times*, London, May 22.)

The Russian successes having caused a revulsion of feeling among some of the hostile tribes, a party of Persians delivered Shiraz from the enemy in the second week of April. A fortnight later a body of British troops from Bushire routed an enemy force which had threatened that port. It was evident that the peril in Persia was passing away, but much more than this was seen when Baratoff last month, overcoming a stubborn resistance, pushed the Turks across the frontier into Mesopotamia, and advanced on Khanikin, while another Russian army, again clearing the enemy out of the Urmia district, crossed the mountains some two hundred miles to the north, and took Revanduza in the same Turkish province and only eighty miles from Mosul. Both Baghdad and Mosul thus are menaced. How far-reaching is the arm of Russia in the Middle East was strikingly shown when, on the 21st of May, it was announced that a force of Russian cavalry had joined our troops on the Tigris "after a bold and adventurous ride"—probably from Kermanshah by way of Harunabad. The Russians have done magnificently in Persia, and no anxiety need now be felt with respect to that country.

Our public have perhaps hardly appreciated sufficiently what the Russians have accomplished in Persia, but they have been better instructed with regard to the splendid advance of the Army of the Caucasus in Armenia; though when that advance started out in the first days of January very little attention was paid to it. The Army of the Caucasus, in spite of its victories at Sarikamish and Kara Urgan in the beginning of 1915, had been lost sight of and almost forgotten, and there were very few people who counted on it as an important factor in the East. The brilliant operations, ending in June 1915, by which it had cleared the Turks out of the region north and

east of Lake Van, and had captured the city of Van and Melasghert, had passed almost unremarked, because Mackensen's furious drive at the Russians in Galicia, with its conspicuous success, absorbed all minds. For some months afterwards practically nothing was heard of the Caucasian Army; the exigencies of the Russian position in Europe compelled it either to be stationary or to withdraw from some points. After the conquest of Serbia had given the enemy possession of the Belgrade-Constantinople-Baghdad Railway the great question was whether Germany's next offensive would be directed at Egypt or at India through Persia. The Germans boasted of their "Army of Egypt," and foretold its speedy employment, in conjunction with the Turks, on the Suez Canal. Correspondents at Petrograd maintained that this talk was nothing but "bluff" and that the real intention of the enemy was to utilize the Baghdad Railway for the invasion of Persia, with a view to striking either at Asiatic Russia or at India. Amongst ourselves the subject was still being discussed as late as February; the withdrawal from Gallipoli, the retreat from Baghdad and the investment of Townshend's forces in Kut had made the subject one of no little apprehension. By this time, however, the Army of the Caucasus was again in motion forward in Armenia, but though its course was victorious from the start there was no general expectation that its reappearance on the scene would have a large influence in this theatre of the War.

The secret of the massing in these regions of great bodies of troops, with the accompaniment of proportionate artillery, had been well kept, and the Turks would seem to have been taken utterly by surprise. It may be that they had accepted as true what Germany had said as to Russia having been reduced to impotence, though



Ivanoff's offensive had cast enough doubt on the accuracy of this statement to cause them to retain their main armies in or nearer Europe. Perhaps they imagined that the extreme rigors of winter in these mountainous districts would sufficiently deter the Russians from attempting an advance. Whatever was the reason, they apparently were quite unprepared for the attack when it came. On the other hand, the Russians had made every preparation possible in the circumstances; among the reinforcements for the venture were large numbers of their Siberian troops probably, with their Caucasian soldiers, the hardest fighting men on the face of the globe. The Army of the Caucasus was, in fact, a picked army, well fitted to undertake the most desperate enterprise; this advance was of precisely that character owing to the immense difficulties of the terrain, which presented numerous strong natural positions easily capable of defense by the enemy, and also because of the severity of the weather conditions, which made all movement extraordinarily arduous. There was nothing, it may be emphasized, in the least fortuitous about the whole affair. As far back as September Russia had given a hint of her designs. It will be recalled that when the Czar himself superseded the Grand Duke Nicholas as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies in Europe, he addressed a rescript to that distinguished relative of his in which he said that, recognizing the necessity of the assistance and counsels of the latter on the "Southern front," as Russia terms her Asiatic line, he appointed him Viceroy of the Caucasus. The Grand Duke in due course arrived at Tiflis, the capital of Caucasia, and it was widely supposed that he had been relegated to obscurity. Events have proved how mistaken was that idea.

Brilliantly planned by the Grand Duke and his Staff, the offensive operations, of which the principal were directed by General Judenitch, who had won the notable victories of the first Caucasian campaign, were carried on in Armenia over a broad front with astonishing rapidity and amazing success—that is, until the arrival in the arena of heavy Turkish reinforcements, supplemented by German, and, it is said, Bulgarian detachments, in April and May naturally slowed down the Russian movement. When the Grand Duke began the second campaign in the Caucasus the general enemy position on his front, which was no less than about 800 miles in length if Persia be included, was that the Turks were in considerable strength on his right on the Black Sea west of Batum and in the mountains through which the Upper Chorokh flows; in greater strength on his center, whose pivot for him was Sarikamish-Kars, and for the enemy Koprikoi-Erzerum; and in considerable strength on his left in the neighborhood of Lake Van. It has been stated that earlier in the War Turkey had armies totaling about a quarter of a million men in this area but whether this figure were accurate or not it is certain that she had withdrawn from Armenia to Baghdad large forces to oppose the British Mesopotamian Expedition; and to this extent our venture up the Tigris effectively co-operated with the Russians by holding up these forces, a circumstance which should have some weight when account is taken of our success or failure in that quarter. Nothing like definite information has been published of the numbers of the Army which was at the disposal of the Grand Duke, but they must have been sufficiently formidable and, in any case, were of remarkable quality. When he was ready to strike he struck, and struck hard; it was on the Turkish center that the blow fell.

The great road running from Kars to Erzerum bisected the centers of both combatants, and it was along this highway that the campaign opened. About the 10th of January, when the road and all the country round were deep in snow and swept by icy winds, the Russians by a series of vigorous and determined attacks compelled the enemy to give way, and within the ensuing ten days had driven him in headlong rout from Koprikoi and Hassan Kale; on the 20th of the month they were shelling the outer fortifications of Erzerum itself, which was taken by storm on the 16th of February after five days of what the Grand Duke, in his dispatch to the Czar announcing this splendid and ever-memorable feat of arms, rightly called "unprecedented assault." In the West nothing of the kind had been expected, as it was thought that the investment of the fortress-city would be a long, dragging affair; the place was known to have been strongly fortified by German engineers even before Turkey openly joined in the War, and it had a German general in chief command. Petrograd correspondents had not encouraged a particularly sanguine forecast; even in Russia the news created a good deal of surprise as well as delight. Russia was unfeignedly if quietly glad. This was the third time that she had wrested from the Turks the stronghold which is the key to Armenia, but on neither of the two previous occasions had its capture caused such deep joy as on this. The protracted enforced retreat in Europe last year with its train of disasters had imposed a terrible strain upon her; it could not be otherwise; but the burden did not crush her spirit any more than it had broken her soldiers. She had set herself with unflinching fortitude and unyielding resolution to brace herself for the continuance of the struggle, and in this magnificent success she saw the first

great reward for her vast exertions in reorganizing herself and her Army and for her prodigious efforts in procuring and producing adequate munitionment. It was a happy omen that the Duma reassembled immediately on the taking of Erzerum; when last it had come together the shadow of the fall of Warsaw lay heavy upon it. The other Allies shared in the rejoicings of Russia.

It was all very well for the German Chancellor in April to try to make light of the Russian triumph, but at the time candid Germans admitted that the loss of Erzerum was a heavy blow to the Central Powers and absolutely unexpected. The news was kept from the Turkish public by Enver Pasha and his associates, but it leaked out very soon, and the air vibrated with rumors of Turkey's desire to make peace. Whatever the bulk of the Turks may have felt, these rumors were false so far as their Government, or the ruling clique, was concerned. Enver hastened to the front, and feverishly sought to bring about some improvement in the situation, but for some time it grew steadily worse under the impact of the persistent Russian offensive in all directions. On both wings, as on the center, the heroic Army of the Caucasus defeated and drove on the enemy. On their right the Russians, making use of their Black Sea Fleet, landed troops at Atina, and moving them along the coastal road threatened Trebizond, while in the district of the Upper Chorokh they dislodged the Turks and the tribesmen who fought for them from strong positions in the mountain ranges. On their left, in the region of Lake Van, they occupied Mush and Akhlat on the 18th of February, and took by storm Bitlis, an important caravan entrepôt a little west of the lake, on the 4th of March. Further successful advances took place in the

north, the west, and the south, and by April practically all Armenia, that land of misery and massacre under the Turks, had passed into Russian hands. The whole operations were a striking manifestation of the resurgence of Russia. The conquest of Armenia was no light task, no trivial achievement. A revealing sentence in a Russian *communiqué* stated "At several places our men had to march across heights which towered above the clouds, digging trenches in the deep snow in the midst of severe thunderstorms." And it would be an error to suppose that the Turks did not fight well; the Russians themselves acknowledge the bravery of their opponents, just as our own soldiers say that they have found the Turk to be a good, as well as a clean, fighter. In Armenia the Turks simply were outfought and out-maneuvred.

Naturally deeply alarmed by the rising flood of the Russian victories, Turkey sent forward from Anatolia and Europe all the troops she could quickly muster, and with these went considerable German contingents and munitions in large quantities. The Russian advance had now continued for about three months, and time had been given for the arrival of these reinforcements at or near the front even by the long routes across Asia Minor which in all likelihood are not so difficult as is usually supposed. Maps of Asiatic Turkey do not as a rule show the extent of the railways that at present are in operation in this theatre of the War, and it seems more than probable that the lines are of much greater length and carrying capacity than had been imagined. It is known to be the case that German engineers, with the help of plenty of willing or forced laborers, have been hard at work on railway building in this area for a long time past, and that a good deal of track has been constructed and ironed since the outbreak

of the War. There seems to be some authority for the statement that the Anatolian line, the terminus of which was Angora, has been prolonged to Sivas. It is almost certain that with gaps here and there, which, however, are bridged by specially made motor-roads, the Baghdad Railway is available for traffic as far east as Mosul; and the branch of it projected from Ras-el-Ain or some adjacent station north to Diarbekr may have been built. The enormous importance attached by Germany to the Baghdad Railway is a warrant for saying that nothing has been or will be left undone to complete it at the earliest possible date. In April the Turks had concentrated a powerful army in front of Erzingan, over against the Russian center, which had progressed southwest of Erzerum to Mamakhatun, west to Ashkala on the high road to Trebizond, and northwest to the Kop Dag. In the fourth week of that month heavy fighting developed on this part of the front, particularly near Ashkala and on the slopes of the Kop range, and continued into May, on the 14th of which the Russians, after a bitter contest lasting for several days, were forced back some distance through the sheer weight of the numbers of the enemy, who, *per contra*, had suffered such terrible losses that he was unable to continue his attack—whereupon the Russians speedily rallied and renewed the conflict.

As regards communications in this campaign our Ally possesses some distinct advantages. Thus, in the center his railroad at Sarikamish in the "Little Caucasus" is only about eighty miles from Erzerum, and we may feel confident that fresh troops are being poured into the latter place for the purpose of strengthening his army in this region. On the right his command of the Black Sea gives him a marked superiority. Early in March he had landed forces at Atina, as was noted

above, and as his soldiers advanced westward along the shore his warships supported the movement with their fire. It was largely owing to the assistance afforded by the fleet in the hard and sanguinary battles on the banks of the Kara Dere that the Russians took Trebizond on April 18. This capture, which has a value only second to that of Erzerum, gave the Russians the terminus of the roads along which the chief trade of Asia Minor passed to the coast; of these roads the principal is that which runs south to Tekke, where it divides, one fork going on to Erzingan and the other to Erzerum—it is one of the oldest highways in the world. Since the occupation of Trebizond the Russians have made progress for some miles west of it. In the district of the Upper Chorokh they have compelled the Turks to retreat to a point within a short space of Baiburt, whence come reports of incessant attack and counter-attack. On their left, from Bitlis, the Russians have driven the Turks out of their entrenched positions towards Sert and Diarbekr, and from Mush they have struck out vigorously in the direction of Kharput; behind them the railway at Erivan is not far away, and as for more than a year past they have been in possession of Bayazid transport will have been thoroughly organized. On the wings the Russian offensive is being prosecuted with the utmost energy, and it may be the intention of the Grand Duke to throw forward his flanks while keeping his center more or less fixed. If this is the strategy which will be pursued, some new elements, such as the active participation of the other Allies in Asia Minor, may soon come into the calculation. But it is idle as yet to talk of the shepherding of the Turks into the interior of that country and their envelopment, or of an impending march on Constantinople. In smooth prophesying of this sort lie

disappointment and confusion, and it is better to face the fact that the Entente Powers, and particularly Russia, have a decidedly heavy task before them in this quarter.

Meanwhile Russia has done great things, whereof we may very well rejoice. And she will do yet greater things. She is in almost every way more formidable than she was a year ago. Her lack of guns, shells, and other munitions, which last summer led to disaster, has been remedied. Her reserves of men are enormous; General Shuvaieff, the present Minister of War, stated recently that even if the armies at the front should disappear to the very last man she would be able to "put a fresh army into the field as numerous as before, and, if necessary, to renew the operation once again and yet again." With the fate of Sukhomlinoff, a predecessor of his, before his eyes, it is scarcely likely that these words are mere rhetorical expressions. Russia has become industrialized for the War—notably, she has built many new railways. In every department of her national life she is, in brief, resurgent. The delegation from the Russian Parliament lately among us expressed emphatically the invincibility of her resolve to carry the War to final triumph. It was a happy thing that these welcome Russian visitors had opportunities of seeing with their own eyes abundant evidences of a like determination in Great Britain, and so will be able to assure their countrymen that the British Empire is with whole-hearted vigor "performing its part in this stupendous War," to quote from the gracious speech which the King delivered on receiving them. His Majesty also referred to the heartfelt desire of himself and his people that the relations between the two empires should become closer and more intimate. In this connection nothing could be better than Mr. Asquith's

declaration, which merited the keenest interest and the heartiest approbation, that a complete agreement has been established between the Russian and the British Governments in regard to Eastern affairs. Such an announcement only a few years ago would have been impossible, but the War has changed, and is changing, nearly every traditional point of view. The King, looking on to the time when a satis-

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

factory conclusion of the War shall have been reached, expressed to the Russian representatives the hope that Russia and England, taking into account their respective resources and possibilities, will understand that close intercourse will be mutually beneficial. Surely there can be no doubt of that; and in the meantime both countries are indissolubly joined in this great struggle for noble ends.

*Robert Machray.*

### THE PAN-GERMAN PLAN AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

The victorious Balkan campaign conducted last autumn by the Central Powers, aided by treacherous Bulgaria, revealed, as by a flash of lightning, the vast designs which underlie Germany's military operations. Serbia is the gate of the East, and its warders had to be dispossessed, if Germany was to assure her command of Constantinople and the decaying Turkish heritage. There are three stages in the Pan-German plan—first, the creation of "Mitteleuropa," a great central European state-organism of 130-150,000,000 inhabitants, as an economic and military unit; second, the realization of the dream of "Berlin-Bagdad," by the inclusion within the political and economic sphere of influence of the new Zollverein of all the territory lying between the Hungarian frontier and the Persian Gulf; and third, the achievement of naval supremacy and world-power. Britain is faced by the alternative of opposing this program or accepting it as inevitable. There can be no half measures in such a struggle: the answer must be "Yes," or "No." In the one case this war is an act of criminal folly, and the true patriots are those whose subterranean peace intrigues are already connived at in so many influential quarters. In the other case, we must not wait until the

German plan has reached maturity, but must crush it in its initial stages. We must not ever again allow a situation to arise, in which we might seem indifferent to events upon land merely because they were taking place at the other end of Europe. For such indifference is the surest way to alienate our Allies, who realize to the full the close military and political interconnection of West and East and Southeast, and expect us to realize it equally. If we are right in regarding sea-power as the key to victory, it is none the less true that the extension of German land-power would be the prelude to a fresh attempt to challenge our security at sea. But though the inevitable nature of our participation in land operations on the West has long been obvious to almost everyone, the equally urgent and overwhelming need of countering the Germans in Eastern Europe is even today not sufficiently realized by those whose inert hands control our policy. It is still possible to hear the argument that if the Germans could be expelled from Belgium and Northern France—nothing is said of the methods to be employed—our aim in the war would be achieved. To those who argue thus, all the vast problems of Central and Eastern Europe are a complete blank. And yet it ought to



be obvious that there is an essential unity of outlook among our four chief adversaries. Prussia, Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria—each stands for racial domination in varying degrees of crudeness. The policy of Germanization in Posen, and Magyarization among the unhappy Slovaks and Roumanians, the Young Turkish policy of repression and extermination in Armenia, and the dream of Bulgarian hegemony in the Balkans on the most approved Prussian lines—all are based upon the same principle of brute force as the determining factor in human progress, and all stand or fall together. Even in defeat Germany will remain a great nation, and will, it is to be hoped, once more devote herself to the pursuit of that true "culture" which her rulers have so hideously parodied in this war. But for Hungary and Turkey defeat means the end of evil ambitions which have too long plagued the civilized world. Magyars and Turks may continue to exist side by side with the races whom they have so long held in thrall, but the liberation of the latter will render Magyar and Ottoman Imperialism impossible, set free the pent-up energies of the Slavonic world and give a new direction to European progress. Such an event can only be welcome to the Western Powers, whose vital interests demand the erection of a barrier to the *Drang nach Osten*, and who can only hope to build with the material which is already to hand. This material consists of the Slav and Latin peoples of Austria-Hungary and Southeastern Europe generally, who are eager to lead their own national lives, and to free themselves from the exploitation, military, political, and economic, of their alien rulers. In one of its main aspects this war is the decisive struggle of Slav and German, and upon it depends the final settlement of the Balkan and Austrian problems. On the manner of this

settlement and on its completeness depends in turn the question whether this war is to be followed by stable peace in Europe, or by the creation of an armed camp.

Stated in another form, the main task which faces the Allies is that of releasing thirty-five million Slavs and Latins whom Germany is today ruthlessly exploiting as *Kanonenfutter*, and who are compelled to shed their blood in a quarrel which is not theirs, and against their closest friends and kinsmen. It is only by their emancipation that an effectual obstacle to the German *Drang nach Osten* can be created, and Germany restricted to those natural limits within which she would cease to be a danger to the peace of Europe. The essential preliminaries, then, are the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the disruption of the Habsburg Monarchy into its component parts. On its ruins new and vigorous national states will rise. The great historic memories of the past will be adapted to modern economic necessities. Poland, Bohemia, and Serbia will be restored to the commonwealth of nations, and in their new form will constitute a chain of firm obstacles on the path of German aggression. Poland, freed from her long bondage, and reunited as a State of over twenty million inhabitants, on terms of close intimacy with Russia, will be able to develop still further her great natural riches, and to reconstruct her social system on the lines of Western democracy. Of Bohemia it can fairly be said that no Slav race is so thoroughly modern, so keenly national in feeling, so well educated and well organized, so ready for endurance and sacrifice. Bohemia has been in the forefront of the battle against Germanism, from the days when John Hus ejected the Germans from Prague University and the Hussites held all Europe at bay, till the modern epoch when the great Czech

scientists and poets laid the foundations of intellectual Pan-Slavism, and when the lower and middle classes contested inch by inch every village, every house, every school, every child, against the Germans with their infinitely superior resources and backing. Bohemia is one of the most valuable assets in the struggle against Pan-Germanism, and cannot be ignored by anyone who has the cause of the Allies at heart. Finally, the small and land-locked Serbia of the past will be transformed into a strong and united Southern Slav State upon the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The depth of the movement for national unity among all the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes of the Dual Monarchy, and the intensity of their opposition to Magyar misrule in Croatia, had even before the war made it abundantly clear that a radical solution of the Southern Slav problem is a *sine qua non* for the peace of Southeastern Europe. The geographical situation of the new state assigns to it a rôle of peculiar importance in the struggle against the Pan-German program, the more so as it supplies the possibility of establishing a new and much shorter non-German land route to the East, *viâ* North Italy, Laibach, Agram, Belgrade.

As a second line behind these three Slavonic States we should aim at creating Independent Hungary, stripped of its oppressed nationalities, and reduced to its true Magyar kernel, but for that very reason emancipated from the corrupt oligarchy which has hitherto controlled its destinies, and thus at last enabled to develop as a prosperous and progressive peasant state; and Greater Roumania, consisting of the present kingdom, augmented by the Roumanian districts of Hungary, Bukowina, and Bessarabia. Behind these again would stand Greece and Bulgaria as national States, the latter purged of her evil desire to exercise hegemony over the Peninsula. Finally,

Russia would control Constantinople and the Straits, thus restoring the Cross to its true place upon the Golden Horn, and at the same time satisfying that longing and need for an access to the open sea which has underlain Russian policy for at least two centuries. As a free port for all comers, Constantinople could only gain by a Russian protectorate, and the special rights of Roumania in the Black Sea and the Straits would receive the fullest recognition.

The alarmist will seek to oppose such a program by the argument that it involves assigning the German provinces of Austria to Germany, and thus aggrandizing an enemy whom it must be our aim to weaken by every means in our power. Such arguments are, however, entirely specious. In the first place, there is no power on earth which could keep the Germans of Austria and of the Empire apart, if once they determined to unite; and it is quite impossible for us to lay down the principle of nationality as the basis of settlement and then to deny it to the most powerful and compact of all the European nations. Moreover, in the event of our victory—and all such speculation is worthless in any other event—Germany will presumably lose the greater part of Alsace-Lorraine and Posen; and thus any accession of Austrian territory would leave her virtually where she was before. But the decisive reason is the fact that the sole alternative to the completion of German national unity is the survival of Austria-Hungary; and in present circumstances this can only mean the latter's reduction to complete military, political, and economic vassalage to Germany. The events of the war have amply demonstrated the Dual Monarchy's dependence upon German discipline and organizing talent; and if for no other reason, this dependence will tend to increase more and more rapidly, as

the result of economic exhaustion and imminent bankruptcy. Possible failure in other directions will only strengthen Germany's hold upon the Monarchy, which, according to the Pan-German plan, is regarded as a fertile field for German colonization. In other words, we are faced by the alternatives of breaking up Austria-Hungary—in which case Germany obtains an addition of eight or nine million inhabitants, but is restricted to her natural limits, and is surrounded by new and virile national states—or of permitting its survival and thus securing to Germany the final assertion of political control over its fifty-one million inhabitants, and thus indirectly the mastery of Central Europe and the control of the Adriatic, the Balkans, and Constantinople.

It cannot be too often repeated that there is no prospect of detaching from Germany any of her three allies by anything short of overwhelming military success. The idea that the Dual Monarchy, which was rescued a year ago from disintegration by its German ally's energy and powers of reorganization, and which is now held as in a vise by the iron hand of Prussian military discipline and financial pressure, could ever be detached as a whole from the German side, is altogether too fantastic to be discussed seriously, though there are certain Entente diplomatists who have allowed themselves to be beguiled into a secret exchange of views with the notorious Count Forgách, the *alter ego* of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Baron Burian.

Scarcely more plausible is the idea, still entertained in a dwindling circle of sentimentalists, that Hungary could be won to the side of the Allies. Those who argue thus forget that the Anglomania of the Magyar aristocracy upon which they reckon, is confined to country-house life, racing, and tailors' fashions, and that the glib phrases about liberty and constitution in which

they so freely indulged, are mere ornaments to conceal the grossest racial tyranny which modern Europe has witnessed. Budapest and Berlin are equally responsible for this war; and on its successful issue for the Central Powers depend the last hopes of the hateful policy of Magyarization which Hungarian statesmen have pursued so fiercely since 1867.

The idea that Turkey could be detached from the Central Powers belongs to another category of illusions. Rightly or wrongly, the main aim of Russia is the acquisition of Constantinople and free access to the Mediterranean. Rightly or wrongly, the Governments of the Entente have recognized the legitimate nature of this aim and are pledged to its realization. It thus becomes obvious that a hostile country can hardly be detached from its allies by those who are pledged to deprive it of its capital.

There remains Bulgaria, and here credulity, sentiment, and perfidy have combined to weave a highly dangerous intrigue. The friends of Bulgaria in London and elsewhere are allowing themselves to be beguiled by unscrupulous agents of the Central Powers. King Ferdinand, who is highly alarmed at the reviving confidence of Greece and Roumania in the Entente cause, and fears lest he may be taken between two fires, has withdrawn discreetly into a Viennese background, in the hope that the Entente may believe in his elimination and enter into compromising negotiations with his agents, such as he could then betray to Athens and Bucharest. Fortunately, there is good reason to believe that the Entente is acting upon the maxim, "Once bitten, twice shy." The politicians of Bulgaria are united as they have seldom been before. The former Russophil Malinov has reached a public understanding with Ferdinand's faithful henchman Radoslavov; the Anglophil

Geshov has been in Berlin and Vienna, and has expressed his satisfaction with the course of the war; Danev is isolated, and his followers are at present under trial for high treason. The aims of Bulgaria are today absolutely irreconcilable with those of the Entente; for the conquest of Macedonia was but a first step. The true policy of Bulgaria—of king and nation alike—is to prevent Constantinople from falling into Russian hands, to prevent Serbo-Croat unity under the Karageorgevitch dynasty, and to establish Bulgaria's hegemony upon "the four seas" (Black, Marmora, Aegean, and Adriatic). These aims are well known to all students of Bulgarian politics and are startlingly illustrated by the political Memorandum issued officially by the Government of Sofia last October, in 20,000 copies, and soon afterwards published in Germany. This document is perhaps the most cynical exposition of *Realpolitik* which the war has produced. It compares, with the precision of a chemist weighing drugs, the rival offers of the two belligerent groups, and proves beyond question that the Central Powers offered a higher price for a smaller effort. It openly affirms that the bargain includes the promise not only of all Southern Serbia, but of all the territory necessary to secure to Bulgaria a frontier with Hungary. Its justification for this policy of partition is the blunt assertion that "no one can at one and the same time consider the interests of Serbia and Bulgaria, for this is an impossibility, and not even desired by Bulgaria." The repeated declarations of prominent Bulgarian statesmen and generals amply confirm this attitude. And yet Englishmen in important civil and military posts can be found to advocate an arrangement with Bulgaria behind the backs, and at the expense of our gallant Serbian allies. One such memorandum which has reached London, but which has

met with the scorn and indignation which it merits, actually suggests that as "for the time being Serbia does not exist," the Entente is at liberty to carve up the living flesh of Serbia as her treacherous allies may desire. The solemn pledges of our statesmen, and our debt of honor to an ally, are to count for nothing. I was fully aware of similar dishonorable intrigues at the time of the Austro-German offensive against Serbia, but remained silent. Today other methods are necessary, and these traitors to our national honor must be denounced publicly, if they do not abandon their sinister intrigues. If honor and good feeling mean nothing to them, they might at least realize that this country is tired of the feeble and disastrous policy of wooing our enemies at the expense of our friends, and that our interests demand unqualified support for Serbia as an Ally, and for Roumania and Greece as essentially loyal and friendly nations, whose friendship has survived the repeated blunders of our diplomacy. The approaching visit of the Prince Regent of Serbia and his veteran Prime Minister, Mr. Pashitch, furnishes the British Government with an admirable opportunity of proving, once for all, the groundlessness of the rumors to which such intrigues have given rise. They will thus demolish yet another invention of the German Press Bureau.

The twentieth century is the century of the Slav, and it is one of the main tasks of the war to emancipate the hitherto despised, unknown, or forgotten Slavonic democracies of central and southern Europe. If the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Jugoslavs succeed in reasserting their right to independent national development, and to that close and cordial intercourse with the West to which they have always aspired, they will become so many links between the West and their Russian kinsmen, and will restore to

Europe that idealism which Prussian materialist doctrine was rapidly crushing out. Establish one nation supreme over the Continent, controlling the destinies of a whole group of its neighbors, and you must surely inaugurate a new era of armaments and racial strife, accentuated tenfold by revolution. *The Contemporary Review.*

tion, bankruptcy, and social upheaval. The theory of racial domination, whether it be Prussian, Magyar, Turk, or Bulgarian, must be replaced by a program of free and untrammelled development for every race. The supernation must follow the superman into the limbo of history.

*R. W. Seton-Watson.*

## SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"I think everything has an end," Master Darling said one day, "except Papa's illness." It was the most thoughtful and original remark the child had ever made.

Mr. Darling, in spite of all the flowers that were brought to him, did not improve in health. He blamed the doctor for this, and as everyone who came to see him recommended a different physician, several opinions were called in. Old friends could be quite sure that Jones would cure him. "Jones," they said, "takes trouble." Others were convinced that Brown was "the man," while of course still more declared that no one went to anyone but Robinson nowadays. The doctors recommended to Mr. Darling were almost as numerous as the treatments recommended to Jemima.

"Before going to any doctor," said Jacquetta, summing up the situation with her usual success, "you ought to make up your mind what disease you want to have. If you want gout Dr. Robinson will see that you have it, and if appendicitis you will have to go to Brown: and Jones, I think, is pyrrhœa. All these diseases can be bought if the right price is paid for them."

"You mustn't be hard on your father," said Mrs. Darling, to whom these remarks were addressed.

Mrs. Darling was developing into a patient drudge.

"The awful part of it is," said Jacquetta with vehemence, "that I believe she likes it! Mother's health is being ruined, her purse and Aunt Julia's are being rapidly emptied, our humble home is becoming a sort of sleeping place to which we reluctantly creep when there is nothing else to do. And our darling mother is taking a certain satisfaction to herself in having a man in the house."

Where another woman might wring her hands, Jacquetta always moistened a pencil and made notes. At this moment in her reflections she paused in the rapid walk she was making up and down the large bedroom where she worked, and loosed an elastic band from a black pocket-book.

"Do what I like, and like doing it, is a man's idea of love," she wrote venomously. She liked the neat sentence, and sat down with her typewriting machine to elaborate it. The clicking noise irritated her, and she continued her observations aloud without even pausing to jot them down. "And women like Mamma," she said, "are so imbued with this excellent principle that when they have found a man to make them do the things which they particularly dislike they feel that they have fulfilled their destiny. . . . Oh, if only, if only there were fewer good women in the world, what a nice place it would be to live in!" She added a good deal more to the original theme, to the effect that self-sacrifice was



merely another form of dishonesty, and unfair play, making it very difficult for others to keep even the haziest notions of honesty before them, and she suggested, with her usual turn for economics, that there must come a time in the life of every self-sacrificing person when it would be found that far too much had been paid for that inward feeling of satisfaction which was supposed to accompany it.

Having got rid of her temper and earned prospectively five guineas, she proceeded to give herself an hour of uninterrupted thought about the present condition of her family, whose fortunes she believed to be in a most parlous state.

Her mother looked fagged, and had begun to stoop badly. Tony was becoming naughty and learning to say "damn" in imitation of his father; Mr. Darling was more expensive than ever, and his wife was trying to conceal from her sister how much he cost her; and Jemima—poor dear thin Jemima with the high-bred air and the clear-colored eyes—was still silent and said nothing at all. It was very unlike Jemima, who not only spoke about everything as a rule, and as she and all her friends did, but was rather fond of dissecting feelings and emotions and of giving her own impressions and registering her own views. She dragged herself to parties and had given up taking cures of any kind. She still came to bed very late, and Jacquetta, creeping down to her room once in order to ascertain if she had arrived home, heard her moaning from within the little dark room, and not knowing whether she was asleep or awake she crept away again. She began to buy tabloids in little bottles and to take them, saying as she did so, "Please don't let anyone bother their heads about my making a habit of taking sleeping draughts. I am not a creature of habits, and I must sleep sometimes."

Jacquetta knew that Mr. Charlton was more than usually busy at present during a nervous political crisis, but she saw him at the House of Commons one afternoon giving tea to ladies, and heard his smooth voice and saw his charming attentions to them, and she wondered how it was possible that the mere impact of two natures against each other could have wrought so great a change in one and so little in another. Mr. Charlton was never gay but his earnest attentive manner was unaltered. He had an air very characteristic of him of always having plenty of time on his hands, and Jacquetta wondered what reasons he was giving her sister for never coming to see her. Probably he had been through scores of love affairs and knew the exact moment when it is wise to withdraw, and Jacquetta felt bitterly that he probably was aware that he was quite safe with Jemima. She would never pursue him with letters, and she would meet him with a certain amount of convention always, and would never make a scene. He was safer with her than he would have been with any of the married women with whom, rumor said, he had so often deeply and dangerously flirted. The bitterness lay in the fact that perhaps he knew this, but did he know also that Jim cared? What had happened on the evening of the Bedford's dance? Had there been an explanation, and what was the explanation? Jacquetta did not know. She had various thoughts, which once took the form of a resolve to ask some explanation from Mr. Charlton. She loved warfare, and her courage did not flinch from the interview, but she had no weapons ready, no information upon which she could act; her sister remained silent, and with all their frankness it had always been an unspoken rule between the two not to ask questions of each other.

In her trouble she consulted Miss

Beamish, whom most people consulted, thinking themselves singular in so doing. When they took their perplexities to her they called it "talking it over with Clemmie." Everyone knew she had no head, and most people took her advice.

Clemmie said at once and without any hesitation, "Dobb's Hall."

Her advice wanted amplifying and explaining, as up till then Jaquetta has not even heard the name of the Jennings' house in Surrey, and Clemmie unfolded more fully her plans to her.

"Flight! Flight!" she exclaimed. "Why don't people run away oftener, and why do they talk of Fate pursuing them? Fate always gets tired at last, and there is no one more easily discouraged when you turn round and make a vulgar face and put your tongue out—quite far out—at him."

"Perhaps Aunt Julia won't care to take the house before the season is over," said Jaquetta. "She isn't particularly keen about gaiety, but you know servants don't like leaving before the end of July, and Aunt Julia knows it."

"Aunt Julia is—Aunt Julia is—" gasped Clemmie, and gulped once or twice.

But she held her tongue after all, being a loyal-hearted child in spite of her many faults, and feeling always that she ought to have made more noise on the evening when she ran up the thickly carpeted stairs in the Bedford's house and glanced into the boudoir to see if she could find Miss Crawley.

"There was actually a mark on the brocade of her dress," she had repeated to herself over and over again. "There was actually a mark on the brocade, a mark on Miss Crawley's best gown where a man had kissed it . . ."

Really, there was nothing like elderly people for giving one a surprise.

Fortunately Mr. Ernest Jennings' indebtedness to tradesmen at Oxford had now reached so large a figure that his relations were only too willing to let their picturesque house in Surrey in order to meet the young gentleman's liabilities, and Clemmie conveyed this fact to Miss Crawley.

"Of course," she said, "you will have to pay lavishly for the house, because there is a beam. Yes, dear Miss Crawley, drains may be defective and the well water may have to be pumped for the bath and will choke up earwigs when it does come, the kitchen range may be faulty and the roof may leak, but if there is a beam in a house that house is going to be expensive. If there are low windows and casement curtains there is no saying what the rent may be, and of course a king-post is always liable to add a guinea or two per week to the most rickety farm-houses: while a pergola is worth something fabulous."

Several beams had been exposed after a good deal of trouble and expense in the low ceilings of Dobb's Hall, and owing to this fact no doubt, the Jennings were able to pay their son's debts. Miss Crawley sent a check in advance, and Bodnim was encouraged to believe that not more than a week would be necessary to pack up the silver. He and a gaunt housemaid with gray hair, who could be trusted anywhere, went on ahead with the heavy luggage and the linen and the plate chest and Bodnim's bicycle, and Miss Crawley and her maid motored down one evening after tea, and found everything perfect.

Dobb's Hall was a delightful and picturesque old place; it was not large, but Miss Crawley did not want a large house, she said; she wanted to be alone except for the society of her relations and a few old friends, the few old friends being Mr. Tom Beamish, and her relations being her tired sister and her family. There were plenty of

bedrooms to accommodate all of these, and there was enough glazed chintz in the house to excuse the rent demanded, even if the interesting old beams had not been visible.

In the well-kept garden there were some strawberry beds, an empty herbaceous border which "should have been seen in the spring!" and a summer-house with a thatched roof and many folding chairs within it.

"Why," said Miss Crawley, as she inhaled the perfumed atmosphere of the place on the first evening of her arrival, "does one ever live in London?"

The air felt cool and fresh, the smell of the trees, and the earth and the flowers was refreshing almost to the point of intoxication. A simple dinner consisting of a grilled sole and a chicken such as every English person expects on the first night of his or her arrival at home, wherever that home may be, tasted to her delicious.

She told Perry that she had not eaten so well for a long time, and so keen was her enjoyment in her new surroundings that before she went to bed that night, she and her faithful maid in the evening twilight went round the charming old house, apportioning rooms to this person and to that, and planning in anticipation a happy summer for everyone.

"Mrs. Darling will not be here the whole time, but will come backwards and forwards," said Miss Crawley, "and of course Miss Jacquetta's work will keep her a good deal in London. Miss Jemima and my nephew will, I hope, be here all the time."

"I suppose," said Perry in her usual prim respectful manner, "that you would like the purple chintz bedroom kept for Mr. Beamish."

Miss Crawley's own bedroom boasted a deep window with oak mullions. It was hung with flowered chintz and had a four-post bed in it. Perry always believed that every room with a four-

post bed in it was haunted, and wanted to leave a night-light burning, but her mistress, who had retired early, said, "No, no, Perry! why, it's hardly dark yet. Leave the window wide open and let me hear the birds singing in the morning, and, who knows, there may be nightingales! It is years since I have been in the country at this time of the year, and I have almost forgotten the sound of their note."

She was like a child with excitement over this thing or that, and even the tray with her morning cup of tea on it appeared to her prettier than any she had ever seen. How "nice" the Jennings had everything! In what excellent taste the house was furnished! How unusual were the old oak cupboards, how charming the little square hall and the garden! The garden, she knew, would be her particular delight, "for here," she said to herself, "I shall be able to collect my scattered thoughts a little," and she looked forward to classifying and arranging the emotions of the preceding weeks. She had brought down a "piece of work" with her: the gentle action of her fingers would relieve her distracted mind, and the cool shade of the trees would speak peace to the disturbance and difficulties which had lately beset her. She did not want to see anyone or to be called upon, but merely wished to be alone and to think things over. For the first little while she would not even have her family to visit her. So much, perhaps, she owed herself. She began her piece of work, wrote several letters, was told by Perry what was lacking in the house, and dispatched her to London to get all that was required, saying with a sigh of relief that her faithful maid always knew exactly what she wanted, and actually the good soul did not object to a brief return to London.

Alas, the weather grew very hot indeed soon after Miss Crawley's exodus to the country and, as everyone knows,

just as surely as thunder brings rain, so hot weather brings letters to those who dwell in cool country houses and in shady gardens, from their friends in cities, suggesting "running down" or inquiring for "a corner anywhere" to get away from the heat of cities.

Julia put away her own confusing and confused thoughts, and resolved that she would try to forget about disturbing things for the present, and would then see more plainly how to act. Being hospitably inclined, she wrote warm letters of pleasure and of welcome to her relations and begged them to consider the house their own. She had not before acted as *chatelaine* in the country, and now she enjoyed the delight of filling half a dozen spare bedrooms with old friends with all the genuine pleasure of a novice. She and Perry vied with each other in popping in and out of bedrooms, lifting the covers of soap-dishes, glancing at the note-cases filled with writing-paper, and arranging flowers on dressing-tables. The motor car must meet this train and that, the station fly would bring out the luggage, Bodnim must try and get settled in within a week, and there must certainly be a ham on the sideboard. People were always hungry in the country. Miss Crawley would have new-laid eggs and porridge-and-cream for breakfast, and fruit at all meals. Perhaps fish might be a difficulty but the train service from London was excellent and supplies could be met by the motor car. The young people would probably drink stone-bottle ginger-beer. How happy to have remembered it!

Almost, if Dobb's Hall were for sale, Miss Crawley would like to buy it, beam and all, just as it stood, and then she would hardly visit London again. Even in the winter how interesting the country would be. And the spring—what joy to observe the crocuses and daffodils coming up! In her mind she rearranged the Jennings' garden, won-

dered how they could have put the croquet lawn in the place which it at present occupied, and thought how much she would like to have a rock garden and a pond with water-lilies upon it.

Alas, the poor Jennings! It was horrible to think of dividing up their property in this way, even in thought, but if Dobb's Hall should come into the market—!

Miss Crawley knew that all she wanted in life was a garden and a field with buttercups in it and a cool pleasant house like Dobb's Hall where she might be at peace.

The 4.55 brought her guests down, and she learned from each of them in turn how insufferably hot London had become. Tony looked white and thin, his mother was broken down with nursing, and her brief holiday had been unexpectedly rendered possible by the fact that Mr. Darling's half-sister had invited him to her comfortable house at Brighton where so good was the cooking and so commodious the comfortable rooms, that Mr. Darling decided to be convalescent for a good while and to see what sea breezes would do for him. Jemima complained of the impossibility of sleeping in the heat, and declared her satisfaction at finding herself and her family in the country. Mr. Beamish and Jaquetta were coming down an hour later, and were to be met at the station, by the 6.10 train.

Already Miss Crawley knew the local time-table by heart, and this gave her a sense of participation in surrounding affairs, and added to the pleasure she had in her country house. She displayed bedrooms, accepted compliments about the shiny chintz, and excused her complacency by saying that the whole of the good taste displayed in the house really was due to the Jennings, and that she was not responsible for it.

Nevertheless she accepted all the compliments she received delightedly,

and agreed that the house was in every way charming, but (with a desire to acknowledge frankly the faults of the place) the croquet lawn of course was in the wrong place. It would have been far better to have had it to the right of the yew hedge.

Mrs. Darling did not even complain of the position of the croquet lawn. She was worn out and was anxious besides about Jemima. The sense of peace which her sister's garden gave her was felt in all her tired limbs, and she also began to long to live always in the country. Tony ran about chasing sheep, visited the garage and got in and out of the motor car repeatedly, collected tadpoles in a jam-pot, and was only restrained by force from eating unripe gooseberries. Jemima had brought a box of books with her, and had several letters thrust into the front of her loosely-hanging shirt. She was renowned for the number of letters and notes which she received, and yet there was a feeling of anxiety in the minds of her relatives as they looked at the half-concealed notes. What was it that Jemima kept near her heart like this? No one knew, but it was an understood thing that Edgar Burrows was not to be "asked down." Had the clerical love affair been on its old footing, less anxiety might have been felt about Jemima's visit. It was well known that she was accustomed to the best of everything that social life can give. Her friends were alarmingly clever, and always—the simple chatelaine at Dobb's Hall supposed—very brilliant and shining, and Jim had a high place among them. Also, she was one of those women who move in herds. To ask her to detach herself from the gregarious movements of Society was almost like cutting her off from her kind. To leave London in June must be banishment to her; to deprive her of intellectual life was to submit her to a process of starvation. Miss Crawley could only hope lovingly

that the change would do her niece good. But she always felt very stupid when she was with Jemima.

Tom and Jacquetta arrived in a cloud of dust from the station, while Forty who acted as valet to Mr. Beamish on visits sat on a front seat of the motor car with a small bag on his knees, and said in great good humor to the chauffeur that a watering-cart was wanted down here. The drought during the last few weeks had been persistent. Already anxious landowners talked of the difficulties of water supplies and of the conditions of their wells, and most gardens were "crying out for water."

Tom had an evening paper in his hand, and was dressed in a summer suit of gray. It was a fancy of the good-looking stout gentleman to dress quietly but suitably for every occasion, and there was just a touch of ease about his gray clothes which suggested pleasantly a country life.

"This is charming, Julia, charming!" he exclaimed as he came across the lawn to a group of chairs under the trees, where a late tea awaited him and Miss Jacquetta Darling. He added the remark which Julia discovered during the summer was made by everyone who came to Dobb's Hall. "How did you find it?" they used to inquire of her, as though she must have dug the house up like some hidden treasure of long ago, by accident in a field.

"Clemmie found it for you, did she? Of course they are quite near here, but somehow one always avoids country neighbors when one comes to the country, and I had no idea the Jennings had such a pretty house." Tom was taken to see the beam. He tapped it with his stick which he still held in his hand, and said he supposed it was very old.

"It was all covered up and plastered till within a few years ago," said Miss Crawley, explaining the house as she went along.

"Monstrous!" said Tom.



"The gardener tells me that there used to be a plain white-washed ceiling here. The Jennings have altered a good deal throughout the house, and of course they have done away with a good many interesting things, which is a great pity. The gardener says there was once a wide fireplace in the kitchen with brick ovens on either side of it, and now there is a most ordinary cooking range."

Everyone said what a pity this was, and remarked on the ruin that was going on in restored houses.

"This is the garden door," said Julia, proceeding on her tour through the house, "and I have this little room where I can arrange flowers."

Really the whole thing was very well done, and with the exception of the kitchen fireplace most of the points of interest in the old Hall remained.

Dinner was one of the sumptuous little meals which Miss Crawley's cook knew so well how to serve. Bodnim and Forty were very friendly with each other and Forty assisted to wait at table. The ladies wore simple evening dresses, and Tom asked if he might wear a dinner jacket. After dinner, it still being very hot, they sought the group of chairs under the trees, and had coffee brought out to them.

"Charming, charming!" murmured Tom Beamish again. "Really, Julia, I think you might do worse than buy this place if it should ever come into the market."

Mrs. Darling found herself wishing that the time might now arrive when Tom would say, "*We* might do worse than buy the little place," and even as she made plans inwardly for her sister's happiness, she was saying to herself that there is nothing like a quiet time in the country for bringing love affairs to a satisfactory climax. Julia and Tom saw much of each other, it was true, in London. But what privacy was there really in the life there, or what time

had lovers for tender intercourse or even for feeling the need of each other's society? Here in the country, with Julia playing the rôle of charming chatelaine, she would show at her best, and the very freshness of her gown, her careful toilet for breakfast, and the thoughtful ordering of the small house must appeal to Mr. Beamish. Julia was not old but still, it seemed as if the moment had come when the dilatory love affair ought to come to a satisfactory conclusion. There would now be really good opportunities—unconventional and unrestrained—for a closer companionship than had hitherto been possible, and during the romantic evenings in front of them, while the blackbirds sang and the moon rose over the trees in the meadows, Julia and her lover, moved by the soft influence of the scene, would discover their mutual love for each other and be happy.

Mrs. Darling advised Jemima to go to bed early, and when she had moved listlessly away she suggested to her second daughter that they might take a stroll between the flower borders in the kitchen garden. After all, why should they all sit together under the trees? Julia and Tom would probably have many things to say to each other, and the moon—well, really, the moon looked as if it had been placed in the heavens on purpose to encourage shy lovers!

The next morning Tom was dressed in summer clothes, even more easy and delightful than he had worn last night. He had a large light panama hat on his head and wore a thin shirt, and he was down ten minutes before breakfast, walked a few times up and down the lawn, and announced, when the gong had summoned everyone to the dining-room, that he had been up early and liked it. In high good humor they all remarked on how well everyone was looking.

Fresh eggs were enjoyed, with the remark that they could never be got in

London, or at least could never be depended upon, and the ham was pronounced excellent. Julia wore a fresh gray muslin dress with a youthful touch of rose color about the waist. Mrs. Darling was down punctually and wore dark blue foulard with a white spot upon it, and the girls sent down messages that they would breakfast in their own rooms.

Soon after breakfast the *Times* newspaper arrived, and Julia pointed out how convenient it was to be near London; letters were discussed, dinner was ordered, "and now," she said, "I think we might go and sit in our little encampment under the trees."

How they enjoyed it! How they spoke of the coolness of the shade and the smell of the brown old earth and the wonderful color of the geraniums with the sun upon them. Tom said, as if it had been a discovery, "I saw a great bumble-bee just now, like a bit of brown velvet, flying about," and Julia remarked, "I really did hear a nightingale last night, and I think it is the first time I have done so since I came here, which shows how well I have slept!" Mrs. Darling for her part declared that she had not had such a good night for many weeks past. Tom announced that he always slept well. He read the *Times* newspaper, which he turned over with a rustling noise, and gave items of information to the ladies. At eleven o'clock there was the pleasure of seeing the girls appear, looking, their elders thought, really rested and so pretty! They were urged not to do too much the first few days, and Master Darling was requested not to run about in the sun. He was already overheated, and taking off his hat began fanning himself, and required the action confirmed in the usual way.

"I am fanning myself with my hat, ain't I, Mummy? Ain't I fanning myself with my hat?" and so on.

His mother gave her required words

of confirmation, and Tony conducted a monologue about his hat, and the fanning process until Tom said he didn't believe it would hurt him to run about again.

Jacquetta went indoors presently, because she had an article to write, and Julia asked the rest of the party what they would like to do in the afternoon. A drive in the motor car was suggested but vetoed, because, although a motor car was a convenient mode of getting about, there was not really much sense in going for a drive.

"We might have a walk after tea when it is cool," said Mrs. Darling.

"What time do you have lunch, Julia?" said Tom.

After lunch they again sought the little encampment under the trees. Tom said there wasn't much news in the *Times* and read it all over again, and Miss Crawley did a considerable piece of her work and said it would be very nice when Lord Erling and his daughter came down to the Abbey, because then they would always be able to come over to tea.

"What time do the letters go?" said Tom, taking out his watch.

After tea he and the two sisters and Tony went for a walk in the woods, where the paths were so narrow that they walked in single file and made remarks to each other which no one ever heard.

"How beautiful this must be in springtime," ventured Mrs. Darling.

"What?" said Tom who led the party.

"What?" said Julia. "Yes, mustn't it be lovely, dear?"

"There is nothing like the country," said Mr. Beamish, and Julia hastened her steps a little to overtake him, and said, "What did you say, Tom?"

"I said there is nothing like the country," he repeated, pausing in the little shooting path; "it reminds me of my boyhood."

He walked on again and Mrs. Darling asked Julia what he had said.

When they came back to the house its delightful homely appearance, with its mellow bricks and oak beams, claimed their admiration once more, and the group of chairs under the trees was most welcome after having taken exercise.

"This is most alluring," said Tom, sinking into a folding chair of brilliant striped canvas.

"What o'clock is it?" said Mrs. Darling.

He took out his gold watch. "Six o'clock," he said. "One always eats too much in the country. What time is dinner, Julia?"

Jacquetta appeared with a long envelope in her hand and asked if it would be quite safe for her to put her contribution to literature into the box in the hall. It was very important, she said, that her article should reach the newspaper office on the following morning. Her aunt replied that Bodnim was entirely to be trusted to take the letters to the post in good time, and Tom said, "By Jove! I ought to write some letters, but one can't bear to have to do that sort of thing in the country. It seems such a ridiculous waste of time," he said, "when one can be enjoying oneself out of doors."

Mrs. Darling remarked that she did not want to miss a minute of it, and Julia looked pleased.

"By the way, do you get an evening paper down here?" said Tom presently, and Miss Crawley replied that she was very sorry she did not. The omission seemed to trouble Mr. Beamish, who became a little impatient after this announcement and walked up and down the lawn several times and told Julia that he quite agreed with her that the croquet lawn ought to be in a different place. He also remarked that the midges were troublesome and requested leave to light a cigar. The ladies said

they loved the smell of tobacco out of doors, and Tom felt masculine and inclined to play the part of country squire.

As they went in to dinner he remarked to Mrs. Darling that it was rather a pity not being able to get an evening paper.

"Who are your neighbors except Erling?" he asked, as they once more sat under the trees in the evening and commented upon the midges, and Julia said that she really believed there were none—at least there had been no callers as yet.

"You are far better without callers," said Tom. "Who wants them?"

"The house itself is so charming," said Mrs. Darling.

"I always think," said Julia, "when one leaves London one really prefers being without neighbors."

"One has far too much society in London," agreed Mr. Beamish, "and when one gets away into a lovely spot like this, one just wants to be alone and to enjoy it."

Both the ladies murmured their agreement with this point of view, and expressed their satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Beamish required no other company than their own. They called him in gentle sportive fashion the "house-party." But even their teasing about his well-known dislike to the phrase had a sense of flattery in it, and in the matter of learning about the countryside they listened eagerly to all he had to say.

"I used to know the note of every bird that sang when I was a boy," said Tom. "I wonder if there's any little cottage down here that one could get, just to run down to on an evening like this." He took a deep breath of enjoyment, and seemed to have got over his disappointment about the evening newspaper. "What air!" he said.

"What I feel," said Julia, "is that the simple life is the one that we really

ought to like, and that we are only wasting time and energy by living in London."

"Ha!" exclaimed Tom excitedly, "there's a brown rabbit just beyond the lawn! See him!"

Both ladies rose out of their chairs to see the rabbit, which was partly hidden in the long grass. It delighted them to see his long ears moving, and they remarked more than once that he did not seem a bit afraid.

"It is these country sights which really form the charm of a life like this," said Mr. Beamish, appropriating the whole countryside by his appreciation of it.

"I wish the girls would come out and enjoy it more," remarked Mrs. Darling, "but Jaquetta is always busy, and Jemima was reading when I went indoors just now."

"The young people of the present day," said Mr. Beamish, "are not able to appreciate the country. Their nerves aren't the least bit like ours, and they have got so much into the habit of

rushing about that they are unable to appreciate simple pleasures."

They all felt sorry for the girls. When ten o'clock came Tom said he could see the face of his watch by moonlight, and he pointed out some constellations to the two sisters, and made the most of his knowledge of the "Plough" and "Orion's Belt." When good-nights were said he remarked that it seemed a pity to go indoors on a night like this, but doubtless early hours were the best things in the country.

"Oh, but we have got heaps of time still to look forward to," said Mrs. Darling, "and the weather doesn't look like breaking."

The sisters gathered up the shawls or light wraps which they had been wearing, and Tom offered to carry the chairs indoors and was told that Bodnim would put them into the summer-house.

"To think," he said, as he took a last look at the night and the shady trees and the Plough, "of people being in London when they might be here."

(To be continued.)

S. Macnaughtan.

## NEW LIGHT ON THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE.

In Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, that absorbing dialogue of plays and players published in 1699, one finds Lovewit asking Trueman, the honest old Cavalier, "What kind of playhouses had they before the war?" and getting as reply, "The Blackfriars, Cockpit, and Salisbury Court were called private houses, and were very small to what we see now. The Cockpit was standing since the Restoration, and Rhodes's company acted there for some time." Lovewit having intimated that he had seen that house, Trueman goes on: "Then you have seen the other two, in effect; for they were all three built almost exactly alike, for form and bigness. Here they had pits for the gentry,

and acted by candlelight. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull were larger houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by daylight."

Upon the broad distinction here made between the pre-Restoration public theatres and private theatres all stage antiquaries since Edmond Malone have based, accepting without demur Wright's implication that from first to last the groundlings in the public theatres stood around in the yard, unprotected from the elements. Doubtless because of a misconception as to the relationship between the two kinds of playhouses, it never struck them that rivalry could spring up between them, or that a time would come when the

public theatres would seek to give to their patrons all the shelter and comfort provided by the private houses. But once admit there came a period of serious competition, and the rest is obvious.

To get at the truth in this matter we must first clearly grasp what the terms "public" and "private," as applied to the Elizabethan theatres, really meant. A world of misunderstanding would be swept away if, once for all, we could substitute for these the terms "common" and "select." Whatever it may have been in the beginning, the private theatre of the seventeenth century was equally public with the public theatre, the only material distinction, apart from the quality of its fare, being its scale of considerably higher charges. Admission was denied to nobody who was prepared to pay the price. In the days when the private theatres were wholly monopolized by boy-players, or down to the period of 1608, they were purely winter theatres, in contradistinction to the Shoreditch and Bankside houses, which were purely summer theatres. Since there was no clashing, there was no rivalry. Later on, however, the private theatres increased in number, and began to be occupied by adult players. Then came the tug-of-war. The King's men summered at the Globe and wintered at the Blackfriars, but the players of Salisbury Court and the Cockpit were not so happily circumstanced, and had to act all the year round in their private houses. In this way they came into direct rivalry with the neighboring public theatres, the Fortune in Cripplegate and the Red Bull in Clerkenwell. It must be remembered also that with the invasion of the Blackfriars by the King's players from the Globe there came a certain standardization of public-theatre and private-theatre fare—a standardization which

undoubtedly made for rivalry. The private-theatre play in the earlier children's era, with its avoidance of strong passion and its plethora of incidental masque and song, had been a thing apart.

It stands to reason, therefore, that before the second decade of the seventeenth century there was powerful incentive for the betterment of the physical conditions of the public theatres. In England, as in France, the principle of the standing pit was a perpetual menace, not to good drama, but to good dramatic art. All sorts of devices had to be resorted to with the hope of tickling the ears of the groundlings and arresting their attention. Violent melodramatic situations, ghostly apparitions, the god out of the car with its creaking mechanism, target fights, unsavory songs at unseasonable junctures—such were some of the expedients commonly employed to subdue the many-headed beast. Since it was the turbulency of the stinkards in the yard that drove the more remunerative class of playgoers into the private theatres, the problem which confronted controllers of the public theatres was how to calm the storm. For a time it was perfectly insoluble. There could be no peace among the groundlings until they were provided with benches; and to seat a yard open to the elements in an uncertain climate were absurdity. Owing to their curious architectural disposition, the older public theatres, such as the Curtain and the Swan, with their circumambient, covered-in galleries and their surmounting tiring-house turrets, once built, did not admit of complete roofing. Constructed of wood on a brick foundation, they were incapable of bearing the weight of an extra central roofing with its mass of heavy tiling. But beyond the question of expense—which, as we shall see, proved no deterrent—there was no reason why the later public



theatres should not be built of brick and wholly covered. And built of brick two of them undoubtedly were, though the question of roofing cannot be so readily determined.

Before proceeding further on our quest, it is vital to pause and ask ourselves: Is Wright an impeccable authority on the early theatres? Have we any grounds for disputing his explicit statement as to their disposition and methods of performance? Undoubtedly we have. His *obiter dicta* are altogether too sweeping. In the same breath that he tells us "the Globe, Fortune, and Bull were larger houses and lay open to the weather," he also says, "and there they always acted by daylight." It has recently been demonstrated that from at least 1598 onwards night performances by artificial light were given occasionally on Sundays in the public theatres. Wright's statement on this head appears all the more egregious when we find that the first Fortune was burned down "by negligence of a candle" at twelve o'clock of a Sunday night in 1621, after one of these performances. Long established as had been the precedent, one has no desire to argue that these torchlight representations were anything more than exceptional. But the fact that they were unknown to Wright throws doubt on the scientific accuracy of his foregoing assertion.

If there came a time when public-theatre builders decided to bring their houses up to the level of private-theatre comfort—and there is reason to believe that they so decided—it was after the erection of the two latest Bankside theatres, the Hope and the second Globe. Both these houses were true to type. The Hope, built in 1614, had a removable stage and was partly used as a bear-garden, partly as a play-house. We know from old writers that the stench of the place was abominable. To roof such a building for use in

the summer months was out of the question. No such objection, however, held good in the case of the second Globe, which arose about a year after the burning down of its predecessor in June, 1613. But there was no reason why the new house should attempt to vie with the private theatres in the provision of complete shelter and added comfort. Of all the public theatres the Bankside houses were least affected by the rivalry of the city-boundaried private houses. General as was their appeal, they had always the population of Southwark to draw upon. Moreover, the Globe company had long been adjudged the most distinguished of English players. They had a large and faithful following, and could reckon upon those who patronized them in the winter at Blackfriars trooping after them in the summer to the Globe. With no immediate urgencies towards improvement, they let well enough alone and continued in the old groove. Thus it is that in examining Visscher's panoramic view of London in 1616 we find the Hope and the Globe depicted as semi-unroofed houses.

Even at a considerably later date, when, assuming that the second Globe was a brick building, there was just a possibility that by force of example the theatre might have been roofed in, we find clear evidence of its maintenance in its original state. At that house in June, 1640, the King's men had produced Shirley's tragi-comedy, *The Doubtful Heir*, a play designed by its author for the more cultured audience of the Blackfriars. To this circumstance, pointed, almost offensive, reference is made in the prologue. The Globe audience is warned not to expect any of the exhibitions so pleasing to its taste:—

No shews, no dances, and what you  
most delight in,  
Grave understanders, hear no target-  
fighting.

By no recognized figure of speech could the phrase "grave understanders" have been addressed to the occupants of a seated pit. In no private-theatre address was any such phrase ever used. Its application could only be to the groundlings in the yard, those who stood below the stage.

As already pointed out, the public theatres which by mere propinquity were most liable to be affected by the competition of the later private theatres were the Red Bull and the second Fortune. It remains now to inquire what evidence exists to warrant us in believing that this rivalry led to some amelioration of the public-theatre type at those two houses. Built at the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell, early in the seventeenth century, certainly before 1609, the Red Bull was originally a centrally unroofed theatre. That it so remained as late as 1623 is shown by a passage in a pamphlet called "*Vox Graculi*; or, Jack Dawe's Prognostication," published in that year. Prophesying what would happen in the month of April, the writer says:—

About this time new players will be in more request then old, and if company come currant to the Bull and Curtaine, there will be more money gathered in one after-noon then will be given to Kingsland Spittle in a whole moneth; also, if, at this time, about the houres of foure and five it waxe cloudy, and then raine downeright, they will sit dryer in the galleries then those who are the understanding men in the yard.

Only a few months, however, after this was written an event happened which might have led to what actually took place—the subsequent rebuilding of the Red Bull. It is certainly curious that the Red Bull was the only pre-Restoration house that was re-edified except under conditions of destruction by fire. The event referred to was the opening of the second

Fortune Theatre in Cripplegate, a house known from more than one source to have been built of brick. All the facts point to the conclusion that with it began the era of a new type of public theatre—the completely roofed type. Alleyn spared no expense in its construction, and although its predecessor was described by Chamberlain at the time of its destruction as "the fayrest playhouse in this town," Howes wrote many years later that it was "rebuilt far fairer." This is borne out by the fact that whereas the original Fortune had cost only £520, the amount expended by Alleyn on its successor was close on £2,000.

Several items of evidence handed down to us from the Interregnum fully justify the conclusion that the second Fortune was completely roofed. In 1650 the inhabitants of St. Giles petitioned the parochial authorities begging that, as they were "poor and unable to build a place of worship for themselves," the deserted Fortune might be secured for them at a reasonable figure. Nothing came of the proposal, but it is clear that such an idea would not have suggested itself had the theatre been largely open to the elements. Six years later a careful survey of the building was made on behalf of its owners, and the document embodying the report deposited in the archives of Dulwich College, where it still remains. In testifying to the serious decay that had set in, the surveyor wrote "that by reason the lead hath bin taken from the same building, the tyling not secured, and the foundation of the said playhouse not kept in good repaire, great part of the said playhouse is fallen to the ground," etc., etc.

Now, although we know it was customary to lead the roof of the private theatres (the Blackfriars being a case in point), no evidence exists to show that before the time of the second For-

tune any public theatre was so leaded. Until the burning of Shakespeare's Globe taught builders a lesson, they were content simply to thatch the half roof. Afterwards it was tiled. This secondary method would have sufficed on the old narrow and angular half roofing, but leading would have also been demanded on a vaster and less angular—probably flat—surface. The conclusion here is obvious.

If, then, the Fortune were roofed-in in 1623, it would at once, by dint of the extra comfort provided, prove a formidable rival to the nearest old-fashioned public theatre. That theatre was the Red Bull, and to it it would become a question of following the precedent or dropping out of the contest. Exactly when it was put on a level with its rival one cannot say. Prynne, in the dedication to his *Histriomastix* in 1633, refers to the Red Bull and the Fortune as "lately re-edified and enlarged." Seeing that the Cripplegate house had then a decennium of stage history behind it, Prynne's phrasing cannot be taken as a terminological exactitude. The chances are that the Red Bull was rebuilt only a year or two after the Fortune, possibly during one of those recurrent visits of plague which occasionally closed down the theatres for some months. There is, at any rate, reason to believe that by 1632 only one public theatre of the old order, the Globe, remained in active service. Curious testimony to this effect is found in Shirley's comedy, *The Changes; or, Love in a Maze*, produced in that year at Salisbury Court. In the fourth act Caperwit and a dancer are shown arranging for the production of a masque. Caperwit says more for the ears of the audience than the dancer:—

"Oh, sir, what plays are taking without these

Pretty devices? Many gentlemen

Are not, as in the days of understand-  
ing,

Now satisfied with a Jig, which since  
They cannot, with their honor, call for  
After the play, they look to be served  
up i' th' middle;

Your dance is the best language of  
some comedies

And footing runs away with all."

That there is no reference here to private-theatre habitude is implied by the expression "in the days of understanding." So far from this being a reflection on the intelligence of his audience, Shirley is merely ringing the changes on the old ironical allusions to the stinkards, in the yard—a phrase which Jonson gave as "The understanding gentlemen of the ground," and Fennor as "the understanding, grounded men." This is confirmed by the fact that the Jig, which was a short rhymed afterpiece in ballad measure, entirely sung and danced to popular tunes, was, from first to last, a public-theatre prerogative. Unlike the play of the day, it was never advertised on the bills, and was generally called for by name by the groundlings after the epilogue. When last we hear of the Jig—in the induction to Goffe's *The Careless Shepherdess* in 1629—it is spoken of as given at the Red Bull and Fortune, as if the Globe no longer condescended to such ribaldry. Caperwit's reflection then implies that with the passing away of understanding at the two Middlesex houses a more decorous code of conduct had been introduced, forbidding the clamoring for Jigs at the end. In other words, a seated pit had been provided at the Fortune and Red Bull. Unless one takes this reading the passage is incomprehensible.

If we can assume that by 1627 both the Red Bull and the Fortune had made serious innovation and given the groundlings a degree of comfort they had never known before, we can arrive at the solution of a mystery which has long exercised the minds of theatrical

antiquaries. There seems to be some significance in the fact that precisely at that period all the older public theatres except the Globe disappear from dramatic annals. How comes it that we hear no more of the Curtain, the Rose, and the Swan, and that the Hope lingers on solely as a bear-garden? Does it not stand to reason that the ruck of the old unsheltered theatres, most of them remotely situated, could no longer compete with the more accessible and now better provided public theatres? That the Globe was not affected gives no room for surprise. It had its public apart, and nothing could derogate from its prestige.

There was one material advantage in roofing a public theatre—a consideration which must have weighed with Alleyn when building the second Fortune. Owing to the semi-unprotected state of the old class of house and the necessity to act by natural light, performances were wholly limited to the summer months. But year after year the season was cut provokingly short, if not prevented altogether, by the ravages of the plague. With a roofed theatre at their command the public players were no longer at the mercy of the enemy. Performances could be given in winter by candle-light, as in the private theatres. The cost of lighting would be compensated for by charging the ground-floor public—one can no longer speak of “the yard”—more for their accommodation. The twopence of old might have been advanced to sixpence and the rest of the prices left as they were. Other changes would doubtless take place, notably the elimination of the old “shadow” or “heavens” over the stage, originally provided to shelter the players from the rain.

Nor must it be taken that the case for the Red Bull is all casuistry. The evidence for its complete roofing in its later stage is, if anything, stronger than

the evidence for the Fortune. One knows that in the bitter days of the silencing of the theatres surreptitious acting occasionally took place in the popular Clerkenwell house, and that now and again audience and actors were routed from the building. An old Commonwealth song preserved by Ebsworth in his *Merry Drollery* humorously commemorates one of these raids. It seems hardly likely that the players would have run the risk of detection and imprisonment by acting in an open-roofed theatre, whence sounds of mimic passion and physical conflict would readily have reached the ears of the Puritan.

Among the entertainments most frequently given at the Red Bull in the repressive days of the Interregnum were Cox's Drolls, a series of farces and interludes taken from the plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others by Robert Cox, the comedian, and long popular in town and country with the masses. When a selection of these was printed in 1663, under the title of *The Wits; or, Sport upon Sport*, the chap-book was adorned with an engraved frontispiece of the interior of a playhouse, with Falstaff and half a dozen other drolls occupying the stage while the audience sits around in pit and boxes. Sundry indications show that the performance is being given by lamp and candlelight. One remarks especially the two chandeliers hanging over the stage suspended from the roof. The plate is not inscribed or otherwise specifically referred to in the chap-book but, whatever the theatre depicted, it was certainly not unenclosed. For this reason, allied to the fact that the artificial lighting indicated was essentially a private-theatre characteristic, there has been a disposition on the part of latter-day Elizabethan investigators, myself amongst the number, to deny that the plate accurately depicts the interior of the Red Bull.

But one lives to learn, and it may be that the century-old attribution of the view, so scornfully assailed, is right after all.

Whether that is so or no, it can readily be demonstrated that in Commonwealth times, and therefore probably earlier, the Red Bull was an enclosed building. It happens that the old Clerkenwell house was the only quasi-Elizabethan public theatre that survived the Interregnum, and was put to its old use in the early days of the Restoration. In Thomas Jordan, the actor's, undated book of verse called *A Nursery of Novelties in Variety of Poetry* is preserved "A Speech by way of Epilogue to those that would rise out of the Pit at the Red Bull in the last Scene, and disturb the Conclusion by going on the stage, June 23, 1660." In this the speaker begins by urging the would-be disturbers to "keep their seats," as if rebuking a common practice on the part of the ground-floor public. Even the use of the word "pit" in the preliminary description is significant. In Shakespeare's time only the private theatres had pits; in the other theatres the base of the auditorium was never otherwise referred to than as "the yard." A roofed building does not necessarily imply a seated pit, as the history of the French theatre in the seventeenth century shows, but in a country of uncertain climate the converse undoubtedly holds good.

Pepys' evidence on the point is also vital. On March 23d, 1661, he records:—

To the Red Bull (where I had not been since plays come up again) up to the tiring-room, where strange confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house.

With all his economic urgings, Pepys was not the man to constitute himself one of "the understanding gentlemen of the yard," and when he wrote "pitt" we must take it that he meant pitt. In pre-Restoration and post-Restoration days the term connoted the most distinguished and discriminating part of the house. Beauty beamed from the boxes, but brains sat in judgment in the pit. It is to be noted also that the observant diarist remarked no structural alteration in the house, though he had been there in the Interregnum. Clearly the Red Bull pit was no new institution.

From this conclusion another of considerable import is derivable. Since the only old public theatre surviving to the Restoration afforded complete shelter to its patrons, it follows that the subsequent erection of any new theatre without complete roofing would have been taken as an intolerable retrogression. That the tendency was wholly towards general amelioration is shown by the building of the first picture-stage, or modern, theatre, in 1661. This was D'Avenant's house, the Duke's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Hence the hour has arrived to give the *coup de grace* to a specious fallacy first put on foot some sixty years ago by Peter Cunningham, and still pursuing a vigorous existence. Discussing the characteristics of the first Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as built in 1663, Cunningham, in the opening chapter of his *Story of Nell Gwyn*, says:—

The pit lay open to the weather for the sake of light (!), but was subsequently covered in with a glazed cupola, which, however, only imperfectly protected the audience, so that in stormy weather the house was thrown into disorder, and the people in the pit were fain to rise.

There is absolutely no warrant for this bold assertion. Cunningham's blunder was founded on a misinter-



pretation of certain passages in Pepys. On June 1st, 1664, the diarist records of the performance of *The Silent Woman* at Drury Lane, "before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder." This is elucidated by his entry of May 1st, 1668, also dealing with a visit to Drury Lane, wherein he records "a disorder in the pit by its raining in from the cupola at the top." We have no reason to suspect that this cupola was not an original characteristic of the building. Its subsequent erection on an open-roofed theatre would have been a matter of serious difficulty and danger. Of its nature we can gain some idea by looking at the old view of Dorset Garden Theatre in 1674, which shows a high belvedere surmounted by a cupola. Doubtless the Drury Lane belvedere was provided with a few interstices for ventilating purposes, and it would be through these that, in time of stormy weather, rain or hail would penetrate.

Apart from this, all the facts are against Cunningham's assumption. The Duke's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was an earlier theatre than Drury Lane, and is *The Fortnightly Review*.

not likely, therefore, to have been superior in comfort or accommodation, more especially as the latter was the Royal Theatre. And yet we have clear evidence that the Duke's afforded complete shelter to the patrons of the pit. It is of that house Pepys writes on February 6th, 1668:—

The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining; but could not find her, and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And among the rest here was the Duke of Buckingham today openly sat in the pit.

Than this nothing could well be more convincing. In the face of Pepys' statement do Cunningham and his followers ask us to believe that his Grace of Buckingham deliberately took his seat in an unprotected pit on a wet day? The moral of it all is that the theatrical historian of the future must approach his task with open mind, and sedulously take care to "verify his verifications."

W. J. Lawrence.

## BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

If the fourth volume of Disraeli's *Life*\* seems, for the moment, of less interest, it is because war has cast an ominous shadow upon politics. A time of crisis discovers the futility of politicians as surely as Dr. Koch's famous serum revealed in its victims the imminence of phthisis. In other words, it diagnoses and does not cure. Today we know only too well that the Ministers in whose hands reposed the destiny of our Empire, refused to warn or to prepare. They resembled a watchman,

\*"The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." Vol. IV. By George Earle Buckle. London: John Murray.

who, seeing a house on fire, obstinately kept his peace, lest perchance he might arouse the sleeper within. And not unnaturally the disaster, which has caught us unawares, colors in our minds the politics of the past. After all, we say with truth, the game is played not for the nation but for the players, who are only too ready to sacrifice the public interest to their passionate desire for victory. Moreover, the years (1855–1868) of which Mr. Buckle treats, are not eminent in our annals. After peace was made with Russia, after the Indian Mutiny was quelled, there is

little to record, save the attempts which either side made to reform the franchise, and the attacks, happily repelled, which the Radicals aimed at the Church of England. For the rest the two parties in the State were so near in agreement, there was so little difference between the "ins" and "outs," that the battle in the House of Commons was a battle rather of rhetoric than of principle. When Palmerston and Disraeli were opposed to one another, both Tories of the old school, both fervent believers in our English traditions, it was eloquence matched with eloquence, not opinion assailing opinion. In this mimic contest there was room neither for the display of invective nor for the exposition of political philosophy. The two men agreed in strategy. They differed in tactics.

And yet it is characteristic of Disraeli that he never lost heart and he never lost interest. The task of building up with infinite patience and resource his shattered party might not have excited the enthusiasm of another man. But Disraeli was touched with the romance of politics. There was to him a glamour in the "Senate" which not even the boredom of drab demagogues could extinguish. He looked upon his life as an Arabian tale, and not even fifty years, not even sixty, could drive from his mind the colored dreams of youth. Fortunately for himself success came to him grudgingly and with slow foot. It was not his fate in middle life to be wearied with the care and dignity of high office. When at last he became Prime Minister—when, in his own phrase, he had "climbed to the top of the greasy pole"—he was in his sixty-fifth year, and yet could combine with the tardy accomplishments of years all the unrealized hopes of youth. He had fought hard for his place; he had overcome the obstacles thrown in his path by friends and foes alike, and though he had won

the battle, the victory was still greeted with sneers by his opponents. "A great triumph of intellect and courage and patience and unscrupulousness," said John Bright, "employed in the service of a party full of prejudices and selfishness, and wanting in brains. The Tories have hired Disraeli, and he has his reward from them." The silly jibe at the party "wanting in brains," should have seemed shameful even to the Radicals of 1868, and John Bright, himself a mass of prejudice and selfishness, was not the man to condemn those sins in another. But the mere fact that John Bright should have used these words proves how difficult it is to kill a legend, and how bitterly the narrow-minded, middle-class Radical has always hated the romance and imagination, which he can never share.

It was romance, then, which heartened Disraeli for the strife, and which made him enjoy even the solemn opposition of Gladstone. Wherever he goes, he views life as a glittering pageant. His letters to Mrs. Brydges Williams, to whom he wrote always with a flattering candor, are quick with the light-hearted enthusiasm of youth. "The town is quite mad," he wrote in 1856; "fêtes and festivities night and morn. Never were there so many balls and banquets. No roof so hospitable this year as the Palace itself." Wherever he went he gave proof of a like joyousness. He saw Paris in 1857 as the same gay vision which smiled upon him in 1847, when Louis Philippe was King and his friend. "Ten years, as long as the siege of Troy, since I found myself last in this place: Troy could not be more changed in the time. Everything squalid has been pulled down or driven out of sight—a city of palaces and glittering streets, and illimitable parks and pleasure-grounds, statues and gondolas, and beautiful birds and deer. The Tuileries and the Louvre joined form a kingly residence

worthy of Babylon." The reception given to him and Mrs. Disraeli did not, he declared, turn their heads; it tried their constitutions. They dined at the Tuileries, she by the Emperor, he by the side of the beautiful Empress. "Round her swanlike neck," thus he wrote, "the Empress wore a necklace of emeralds and diamonds, such as might have been found in the cave of Aladdin; and yet, though colossal gems, for her they were not too vast. After this I will tell you no more: the curtain should fall amid the brightest fire."

And not only was he delighted at the pomp and ceremony of his life, not merely had he found in politics an excuse for the magnificence which suited his oriental temperament, but he saw in the changes and chances of foreign policy an absorbing drama. The adventures of his friends were episodes to them, to him were the enchantments of a golden world. When the Greeks offered the throne of Greece to Lord Stanley, he was dithyrambic in expectancy. "If he accepts the change," he wrote to Mrs. Brydges Williams, "I shall lose a powerful friend and colleague. It is a dazzling adventure for the House of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the 'Attic plain.'" If only the throne had been offered to Disraeli, who was more highly imaginative than the most of his race! He would have accepted the crown as easily as he accepted the leadership of the House of Commons, and he would have worn it with a grace incomparable. Meanwhile all was well with him. "It is a privilege," he wrote, "to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it an utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered like a fairy tale, and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years

back were adventurers, exiles, and demireps. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

And while he kept for the eyes of his friends these flowers of a luxuriant fancy, he wore in the general view an aspect of austerity. Though, as I have said, he arrived late, his arrival, even in the Palace, could be no longer deferred. Ever since he first went to the East in search of adventures, he had found himself at home in Courts. He had visited the Tuileries, the guest of a King and of an Emperor. In the Court of England, the country of his birth and service, he was still unhonored. The early legend which had grown about his name had filled the minds of courtiers with suspicion, and Queen Victoria's early distrust of him had been vastly intensified by his attacks upon Sir Robert Peel. But little by little the barrier of misunderstanding was removed, partly by the tactful hand of the Prince Consort; and, as is known to all, Disraeli became at last not merely the Queen's favorite Minister, but her friend. The confidence and friendship of his Sovereign, which for many years Disraeli enjoyed, had their origin in the sympathy which he expressed, with more than his usual elaboration, at the death of Prince Albert. That he should praise the Prince Consort in the written and in the spoken word was but natural. A tie of mutual admiration and respect had bound the two men one to another. That which he said in public was but a sincere echo of his private opinion. "With Prince Albert," he told Vitzthum, "we have buried our Sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our kings has ever shown. . . . If he had outlived some of our 'old stagers,' he would have given us, while retaining all constitutional guarantees, the blessings of absolute government. Of us younger men who are qualified to enter

the Cabinet, there is not one who would not willingly have bowed to his experience." The speech which he made in the House applauded the services which the Prince had rendered as "the Prime Councillor of a realm the political constitution of which did not even recognize his political existence," as well as the encouragement to the culture in which the national character had always been deficient. "He was not satisfied with detecting a want; he resolved to supply it." In a letter in which he thanked Her Majesty for a volume of the Prince's speeches, Disraeli's eloquence took a bolder flight. He compared the Prince with Sir Philip Sidney, and assured the Queen that he was the only person whom he had ever known who realized the Ideal. "There was in him," wrote Disraeli, "a union of the manly grace and sublime simplicity of chivalry with the intellectual splendor of the Attic Academe." Well may Mr. Buckle call it a "somewhat hyperbolic eulogium." But there is not a word of it which was not sincerely felt and meant. It is but the colored style which appears strange to an English eye.

At every mark of royal favor Disraeli was frankly delighted. When he and Mrs. Disraeli were given two of four places at the wedding of the Prince of Wales, he did not hide his satisfaction. "There is no language," he wrote "which can describe the rage, envy, and indignation of the great world. The Duchess of Marlboro' went into hysterics of mortification at the sight of my wife, who was on terms of considerable intimacy with her, and said it was really shameful, after the reception which the Duke had given the Prince of Wales at Blenheim; and as for the Duchess of Manchester, who had been Mistress of the Robes in Lord Derby's Administration, she positively passed me for the season without recognition." There the statesman

speaks with the authentic voice of Disraeli the Younger, and proves that not even the stress of political controversy had extinguished the fire of his enthusiasm. But even while he cried, *Vive la Bagatelle*, he pursued the profession of politics with tireless energy. Industry is commonly accounted a dull virtue, and though Disraeli was never dull, you cannot read Mr. Buckle's last volume without being impressed with the hard and solid work, of which there are traces upon every page. Disraeli read blue-books as other men read the newspaper. He mastered all the subjects on which he spoke in the House, by sheer and unremitting industry. If you read the famous speech which he made upon the Indian Mutiny, you might think that he had given all his life to the study of Indian affairs. When the Government talked glibly, as Governments are wont to talk, about the rebellion being "well in hand," and pretended that it sent reinforcements to the East merely as a matter of precaution, Disraeli knew and said better. He saw that the Indian people had long been waiting for an occasion and a pretext. The Russian War was the occasion, and greased cartridges were the pretext. They were a pretext only. "The rise and fall of empires," he pointed out, "are not affairs of greased cartridges. Such results are occasioned by adequate causes and by an accumulation of adequate causes."

So that while he urged the suppression of the Mutiny with a strong hand, while he promised the Government all the support it needed, while he agreed to the instant embodiment of the Militia, he would not close the door of hope upon the Indian people. It was not enough to exact vengeance; justice should be tempered with mercy; and the future of India should be painted in brilliant colors. And as if to show that industry was no bar to an active imagination, he devised a large and am-

ple settlement of peace. It was a scheme which he had already sketched in his youth, and of which he was destined many years later to produce the finished picture. "The course," said he, "which I recommend is this: you ought at once, whether you receive news of success or defeat, to tell the people of India that the relation between them and their real ruler and Sovereign, Queen Victoria, shall be drawn nearer." It was too much to ask of a Radical ministry that it should make any dream come true, nor did this dream turn to a reality for twenty years, and then it needed the magician's wand to call into being the Empire of the East. And not since has the magician's wisdom stood in need of justification. What the Empress of India meant to our great dependency stands recorded in the page of history, and never did we have clearer evidence of Disraeli's foresight than when millions of Indians deplored the death of the great White Queen, whom he had made a symbol of Empire and of clemency.

Disraeli was of those who had always a clear notion of foreign policy. He knew not the limits of insularity. England existed for him in close relationship with other countries. His view, which never wavered, was the view of a patriotic Englishman. Sir John Skelton, who met him when he visited Edinburgh in 1867, penetrated the Eastern mystery with a flash of good sense. "They say, and say truly enough," he wrote, "what an actor the man is! and yet the ultimate impression is of absolute sincerity and unreserve. Grant Duff will have it that he is an alien. What's England to him or he to England? There is just where they are wrong. Whig or Radical or Tory don't matter much perhaps; but this mightier Venice—this Imperial Republic on which the sun never sets—that vision fascinates him, or I am

much mistaken. England is the Israel of his imagination, and he will be the Imperial Minister before he dies—if he gets the chance." He got the chance, and justified most accurately the wise prophecy of Sir John Skelton, who read Disraeli's character like an open book, even in acknowledging that his "face was more like a mask than ever, and the division between him and mere mortals more marked." An appreciation a dozen times better worth than the fumbling malignity of disappointed Radicals.

Disraeli, then, was an Imperialist born out of due time, and as he was a statesman of constructive imagination, he was determined, if he could, to convert his ideas into realities. The keynote of his foreign policy was an alliance with France. He cared not who was head of the State, King or Emperor, he would have him, if he could, for England's friend. A close intimacy with Napoleon III succeeded an intimacy with Louis Philippe, and an old acquaintance persuaded Disraeli to treat Napoleon with an easier familiarity. He had known him in the days when he too was floating on the surface of English society as a misunderstood adventurer. Today he was on a throne, and Disraeli aspired to the governance of England. Again, he would have said, *Vive la Bagatelle!* And he did not scruple to send an emissary to the Court of the Tuileries. The emissary was bidden to speak with a candor not often employed by the subject of one State towards the monarch of another. He discovered to Napoleon all the hopes and fears of his chief. What Disraeli desired before all things was that Napoleon should forget the slights put upon him by maladroit Ministers, and become frankly reconciled with the people of England. If Napoleon wished to increase his dominions, Disraeli would not put any obstacles in his way. "He is an Em-



peror," said he, with perfect truth, "and should have an Empire." He was resolved that England should not betray a paralyzing nervousness at Napoleon's activity upon the sea. He sketched for him the sort of speech which he knew well would satisfy the susceptibilities of Englishmen. "Let the Emperor take an early opportunity," he suggested, "of referring to the state of the French Navy; let him allude with a just pride to his efforts to restore the marine of France to its ancient and proper force; let him express his surprise that it should be looked upon with jealousy by the Power which he trusts will always prove the ally of France; that France seeks no undue supremacy upon the sea." Napoleon paid Disraeli the high compliment of taking his advice, and thus the two men laid the foundations of an alliance which, shaken often, has never yet been overthrown, and which stands today with a better chance of security than ever it stood within the last hundred years.

It was a great misfortune for England that Disraeli had no share of the government during the fateful years of 1860-1864. The peace of the world was then threatened in many quarters. There was trouble in Poland; the vexed questions which arose from the Civil War in America perplexed our nerveless politicians. Finally, the events of Schleswig-Holstein were preparing the way for the vast conflict which today is tearing the world asunder. And Lord John Russell was our Foreign Minister! His policy was simple and dangerous. It was to intervene in word, and to abstain from action. In every case in which he meddled he ran the risk, incurred by the fool who intervenes in a fight between man and wife, of being attacked vigorously by both parties. Not daring to come forth as the friend of any State, he presumed to pester them all with advice, and made the world our enemy.

In these troubled times Disraeli made mistakes—as who did not?—but at least he had a policy, and he did not grope vainly in the dark. Before all things, he thought it inexpedient to interfere in the domestic affairs of foreign nations. Headmitted, of course, that it was our imperative duty to interfere where the interests or honor of the country were at stake. But, said he, "the general principle that we ought not to interfere in the affairs of foreign nations, unless there is a clear necessity, and that, generally speaking, it ought to be held a political dogma that the people of other countries should settle their own affairs without the intervention of foreign influence or foreign power, is one which, I think, the House does not only accept, but, I think, will cordially agree to."

It was a dogma which in truth Lord John Russell did not accept. There was no question of foreign affairs in which Russell had not, at some stage, as Mr. Buckle truly says, "usually with the active support of the Prime Minister, written strong dispatches, or taken other steps calculated to lead to armed conflict, only to draw back afterwards, not always without humiliation, under pressure from the Court, or the Cabinet, or the Opposition, or the country." It was, as Disraeli called it, a policy of "meddle and muddle," and the Foreign Minister's weakness has not been without lamentable results in our day. But it must be confessed that not even Disraeli divined the cause and purpose of Bismarck's adventure in Denmark. "Prussia," he thought, "without nationality, the principle of the day, is clearly the subject for partition." It would have been impossible to hazard a more foolish opinion, and there was the less excuse for it, because Bismarck had outlined his policy to Disraeli at a party at Brunnow's in 1862, in terms of the utmost candor. "I shall soon be compelled," he had

said, "to undertake the conduct of the Prussian Government. My first care will be to reorganize the army, with or without the Landtag. As soon as the army shall have been brought into such a condition as to inspire respect, I shall seize the first best pretext to declare war against Austria, dissolve the German Diet, subdue the minor States, and give national unity to Germany under Prussian leadership. I have come here to say this to the Queen's Ministers." And Disraeli talked about partition!

Not the least interesting chapter in Mr. Buckle's book is entitled, "Disraeli and the Church." It is not an easy subject to treat for one who has a first and whole-hearted sympathy with Disraeli. But Mr. Buckle does not shirk it. That Disraeli had a firm faith in the Church of England as a religious and political institution there is no doubt. "There are few great things left in England," he said, "and the Church is one." And he defended the Church with a far greater zeal than did Gladstone, who was a bishop strayed into a wrong profession. During his many years of opposition, Disraeli did his best to strengthen the Church and to defend her from the assaults of her enemies. He opposed, and opposed successfully, Sir John Trelawny's Bill for the abolition of Church rates. In his zeal for the Church he went far beyond the discretion of Derby. Above all, he was a stout maintainer of orthodoxy. Every manifestation of heresy, whether it came in the shape of "Essays and Reviews," or as specimens of German theology, found in him a determined opponent. He was in favor of free inquiry on all subjects, but he thought, with good reason, that "free inquiry should be made by free inquirers," and that Jowett and Temple "had entered into engagements with the people of this country quite inconsistent with the views advanced in these prolusions."

His orthodoxy sprang, as Mr. Buckle acutely points out, "from a realization of the utility of religion to the civil magistrate, but also, it appears, from intellectual conviction, and from a jealousy on behalf of his own sacred race, the original recipients and transmitters of religious truth." For it must be remembered that Disraeli was a Jew, loyal always to the race, if not to the faith, of his people. And as he explained in a famous chapter of his *Life of George Bentinck*, he claimed Calvary for the Jews as well as Sinai. This view exasperated, as well it might, many devout Christians, and Disraeli clung to it with a frank obstinacy. "For myself," he wrote in a letter addressed to a clergyman, "I look upon the Church as the only Jewish institution that remains, and irrespective of its being the depository of divine truth, must ever cling to it as the visible means which embalms the memory of my race, their deeds and thoughts, and connects their blood, with the origin of things." This is a view which few Christians will accept, but it explains in a few lines Disraeli's sincere devotion to the Church of England.

But nowhere did Disraeli appear with greater advantage as the defender of the Church than in the Sheldonian Theatre on November 25, 1864. He came to Oxford at the invitation of Wilberforce, and he spoke in favor of a society for endowing small livings. The situation was one in which Disraeli took a natural pleasure. To many it might have seemed a paradox that he should address the dons and the county clergy of England upon the doctrines of their religion. To make the paradox still more evident, Disraeli wore a velvet coat, as a sign that he was not wholly awake to the gravity of the occasion. Assuredly what he said must have puzzled his audience. In the very stronghold of "Essays and Reviews" he dared to attack the cham-

pions of the Broad Church. He could understand how they might reject inspiration and miracles. He could not understand how, having arrived at these conclusions, they should remain "sworn supporters of ecclesiastical establishments, fervent upholders, or dignitaries of the Church."

For himself, he refused to admit that the age of faith had passed. Rather he thought that the characteristic of the present age was a craving credulity? "Why, my lord," he exclaimed, "man is a being born to believe. And if no Church comes forward with its title-deeds of truth, sustained by the tradition of sacred ages and by the convictions of countless generations, to guide him, he will find altars and idols in his own heart and imagination." And so he turned to the men of science, who were then beginning the period of their tyranny, attacked the dogmatic evolutionists, and set the contrast between their creed and the creed of the Church in a single phrase. "What is the question," he asked, "now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? My lord, I am on the side of the angels." Disraeli, always a phrase-maker, was never more happily inspired. The retort upon science assured one half of his audience and mystified the other, and is not likely to fade from the memory of man. But it was also serious; it expressed in a few words Disraeli's deepest convictions: and they were foolish who, misled by the velvet coat and a nonchalant manner, thought that Disraeli was smiling at his auditors. The truth is, that whatever Disraeli said and wrote about religion is all of a piece, and those who would discover what his mature views really were will find them reiterated with elaboration in a preface to his novels, written in 1870.

Among the questions of domestic policy which disturbed the minds of

men during the years of which Mr. Buckle gives us a record in this fourth volume, parliamentary reform takes a foremost place. Reform is a subject of some dulness, and of great danger. No Reform Bill has ever been passed which was not a leap in the dark, a leap, moreover, which has always carried us into the pit. Whatever safeguards are put into a bill are presently nullified, and that which is granted as a privilege ends by being looked upon as a right. Unhappily he who sets a ball rolling down the hill has no power to stop it, and England suffers today from what was the logical outcome of the bill which Disraeli passed in 1867. It is curious to note that in those days the word "democratic" was, as it should always be, a term of reproach. Today it is a word of fulsome flattery. Lord Shaftesbury cannot be described as a reactionary, and this is what he wrote to Disraeli in 1865: "You will not, I hope, be offended that I presume to thank you for your speech on the Baines Bill. The sentiments and the language were worthy of each other, and a masterly protest against any truckling to democracy. I believe that in proportion as a man is a deep, sincere, and consistent lover of *social*, civil, and religious liberty, he will be a deep, sincere, and consistent hater of pure democracy, as adverse to all three." That is perfectly true. We know today that democracy is the bitter, irreconcilable foe of freedom. Disraeli too knew it, but in his optimism thought that he could stay the ball set rolling down the hill when he would. He regarded his own Franchise Bill as popular and not democratic; and so it might have proved, had it not led to others. The truth is that when you once start upon the road of reform you seek finality in vain. No safeguards are strong enough to hold back the incoming tide of democracy, and all moderate bills are swept away by the

turbid waves of manhood suffrage. Disraeli's measure was designed to be very "popular." Its outcome is that today the rich pay and the poor govern, a condition of things which must involve even the greatest State in ruin.

However, Disraeli was quite right when he claimed that reform was no monopoly of the Whigs. Both parties have gambled with the votes of the people, and must share the blame for the degradation of England. But, having said so much in dispraise, we cannot but admire the zeal wherewith Disraeli attempted to reduce the inherent dangers of his measure, and the skill with which he carried it to a triumphant end. His passage of the bill was a veritable marvel of tactics. At last he met Gladstone, his natural foe, in single combat, and routed him utterly. He attacked his new adversary as he had attacked Peel, his old adversary, with the flaunts and jibes against which fate has made no armor. The victory of Disraeli and of the party was hailed everywhere as crushing and complete. Corry told him that his fame was in the mouth of every laborer. "My private opinion," said he, "is that of aunt's carpenter, who 'heard say that Mr. Disraeli had laid Mr. Gladstone on his back,' thinks that you really knocked that godly man down. I have too much jealousy for your fair fame to undeceive him."

Thus the carpenter, and at the higher end of the scale Count Vitzthum was loud in approval. His tribute, weighed and balanced, is worth citing, as the expression of a mature and detached judgment. "I never regretted my absence from England so much," he wrote. "I need not to tell you the

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

joy I felt at your victory. I was sure of it. May I tell you frankly why? Looking on, without party bias, during fourteen years, I could not help being struck by the fact that you appeared the only man in England working for posterity. Your genius bore, to my eyes, always the historical stamp, and I never listened to a speech of yours without thinking—this word, this sentence, will be remembered a hundred years hence." Thus Vitzthum anticipated posterity; and time is fast proving the soundness of his opinion. And Disraeli's success in the House of Commons did more than evoke the praises of his friends. It made him Prime Minister of England. Thus to the equal applause of Counts and carpenters he climbed the greasy pole.

Mr. Buckle's "Life" has many merits. It is at once just and partial. That is to say, Mr. Buckle, as in duty bound, puts a favorable construction upon Disraeli's words and actions. He would be no fit biographer if he did not; but he neither hides nor distorts the truth. Moreover, his tact of selection never seems at fault. He gives us no document that is not of weight and interest. Nor does he neglect the lesser personages of the political drama. His portrait of Stanley, for instance, though lightly touched, bears upon it all the signs of life. Thus he leaves Disraeli at the summit of his ambition. Disraeli had told Lord Grey, when he was a boy, that he meant to be Prime Minister, and Prime Minister he was in 1868. At last the battle was won, and we look forward with confidence to Mr. Buckle's account of the ends to which Disraeli used his victory, of the purposes to which he turned his belated supremacy.

---

## THE TREASON OF CORPORAL ARISTIDE LEMIEUX.

*I think that Corporal Lemieux must have told this story to his Captain when he was lying wounded in hospital; very likely the Captain had brought him a bag*

of oranges. To me, as to the Corporal, the substance of the story came in a dream; but both he and his imperial interlocutor were poor, wooden, sawdust-stuffed puppets until they had paid a brief visit to the greatest living artist in historical romance. They returned from that visit much more lively; yet they still remain but faint and feeble imitations of the immortal figures which fill the canvases of that great artist.

The rain had turned to sleet and the sleet to snow, which froze as it fell. After a weary night of digging and plastering with frozen mud we stood to arms just before dawn, and then those damned *minenwerfers* began to toss sausages over us. It was the day—I don't know if you remember it, *mon capitaine*—on which Sergeant Mallet and poor little Giraud were blown to bits by one. Our parados was very weak at that angle; that Picard marl is more like brown boot-grease than a decent earth in wet weather, and the long rains had caused many landslips. At seven o'clock we had our coffee and I turned in. It was an hour before I could sleep for the cold, though my back was hard up against old Lemaire's fat carcass. But when I got off, and began to dream (I think one dreams always in sleep, don't you, sir? though it is seldom one can remember one's dreams afterwards), I found myself with a battered bearskin on my head, dressed in pieces of ragged cloth tied with string and wisps of straw—I assure you you could not refer it to any known uniform—over my boots in frozen slush, embracing a flint-lock musket of scandalous antiquity. I knew without being told, that I was on punishment drill. I was looking over the bank of a swollen river, down which great blocks of ice were rolling. It was a very cold dawn that was breaking over plains of snow; there were a few clumps of battered pine trees along the low cliffs which formed the banks of the

river, and woods of the same trees were dotted on the snow-covered flat beyond. My feet told me that, for an untold length of time in the past, I had been marching leagues upon leagues; and my stomach let me know that it was painfully empty.

My mind—which worked very clearly—recalled to me one continuous memory of an endless battlefield, covered with dead men and horses lying grotesquely upon snow; guns abandoned, with snow-wreaths a foot thick over the Emperor's monogram on the breech, the woodwork of the limbers all broken up for fuel; the few surviving horses snatching at the thatch of the wretched hovels that we passed; half-eaten corpses; and, somewhere in the background, either the presence or the knowledge of great gray wolves, the only fat things in all that hungry white world, for they lived upon—us!

I tell you what I saw inside my head would have made the fortune of a cinema-show! For in the woods beyond the river I knew the enemy had got cannon, which they hardly took the trouble to hide. Every now and then I could see the flashes, and there were a few dead lying out on our bank; but I think we had either nothing left to reply with, or all our gunners were at bridge-fatigues of one kind or another. Still farther off I could see Cossacks; their lances all spiked against the dull gray sky. It was as though they sprang up to peer at us, and then ducked. I said to myself, "But you should be in trenches, you fools!"—and then I remembered that the ground was too hard-frozen for digging, and that the wary Cossacks were far out of range. I knew we were trying to cross this devil of a river, for I could see, on its bank below me, our *pontoniers* working like demons to repair a half-burned bridge. Many of them were up to their waists in the water, and sometimes a huge ice block would come



whirling down and sweep away half a dozen of them. How little these things affect one in real life nowadays; but in my dream their screams for help made me shudder! And I wanted to shout encouragement to one brave old *mustache* whom I saw being swept along by the current, but supporting himself cleverly by clinging to the swollen carcass of a dead wolf. It pleased me too, somehow, to know that wolves also died, in a world where men's deaths were unnoticed.

While I was thus slowly digesting my surroundings, I began wondering for what crime I was being punished; and presently the headache that was doing duty for my brain told me that I had become a traitor to my Emperor! I was now—what did they call it before the Revolution?—a *philosophe*, an *illuminatus* (now where the devil did I get that word?); and I felt an immense longing to communicate to him tidings which would not only clear myself but be of immense value to him. Much chance, however, I should get of that! No, I should soon be shot, and, indeed, I wondered why I had not been shot already. The only practical comfort I got was in the fact that, though I was on punishment drill, the cross was still on my breast; he had pinned it there himself (was it on the day of the Moskowa? I couldn't remember on what day; I only knew I had earned and received it); and I argued that one is not shot for treason while one wears the cross. There would be at least some ceremony of degradation; and then I would give vent to all the wonderful thoughts that were crowding on my brain; I felt sure I should be able to convince him that he was utterly wrong, for he only needed to be told.

But oh! I was cold—colder than I have ever been in this damned campaign. *Mon Dieu*, I don't envy the Boches if that is what they have to endure on the Eastern Front! . . .

Oh, yes, I knew the Emperor. He was everywhere in that campaign. We all knew him. There were no railways, no Headquarters fifty kilos back. (Indeed, I kept wondering why there were not these things.) And suddenly he came out of a dirty little cottage, not far from the river bank—so small and gray he looked, and all swaddled up in winter clothing, his arms stiff with the thickness of it. I remember that he hoisted himself with some difficulty on to a horse—a gray horse—and trotted off to look at the work on the bridges (there was another bridge, a new one, being constructed, farther up stream, from newly-felled trees). I could hear the *pontoniers* cheer as he appeared. Then back he came and saw me ploughing to and fro in the freezing slush with my load of ironmongery on my shoulder—that musket must have weighed twenty kilos. He fronted, and called over his shoulder, “Davoust!” and a stout little man with a large nose came quickly forward. . . . Oh! he had them—how do the English say it?—feeding out of his hand, all his marshals. He then spoke to the Prince of Eckmühl, and his voice made me shiver (it always did); he said, “Have I so many of my old *grogards* left that my officers can afford to kill them with field-punishments before my eyes?—a *croix d'honneur*, too! Who is this fellow, and what is his crime?”

“I will inquire, Sire, more closely, but Colonel Bréard said something about communication with the enemy—suspicion of treason; the man ought to have been——”

“Treason!” broke in the Emperor—who, by the way, seldom allowed anyone to finish a sentence. “What the devil kind of treason can one of my Guard commit in this wilderness? Bring the fellow into the hut at once; fetch his sergeant, and your informations.”

From behind me at once stepped forward my own great-grandfather, who

had indeed been a sergeant in the Old Guard, and had fought in all the campaigns from 1809 onwards. Grandmother had a picture which she always declared to be a likeness of him, though I suppose it was really only a drawing of the uniform. You know the sort of thing—long looped love-locks, enormous gaiters and cross-belts, and a perpetual scowl of ferocity; I recognized great-grandpapa at once.

So I saluted, and pulled my feet by force out of the ice, ripping off half the sole of one boot in doing so; and I was marched, in front of this ancestor, into the cottage that was serving as Headquarters of the Emperor. You know one is never surprised in a dream, and so I was only amused to see that the inside of the cottage was not that of a mud-walled hut on the banks of the Beresina, but our own Colonel's dug-out, with roughly boarded walls and floor, and a little stove well alight, in the trenches in Picardy!

As for Napoleon and Sergeant Lemieux of the Old Guard, they were still the figures, and wore still the uniforms, of 1812. But my bearskin, my rags and straw-wisps, and my ridiculous flint-lock had vanished (and with them my headache and my sense of disgrace), and I was once more Corporal Lemieux of the 177th, wearing the little anti-shrapnel saucepan helmet and the blue-of-the-horizon service dress of today. This gave me, you understand, a great sense of superiority, of comparative civilization. I felt as if I had now to deal with two overgrown children, to whom it behooved me to be very kind; but, alas, my *croix d'honneur* had vanished too. One can't have everything even in dreams.

We three were alone. The Emperor seated himself in the Colonel's only chair. We stood to attention.

"Speak up, Sergeant Lemieux," said Napoleon. "Of what is this man accused, and who is he?"

"My degenerate descendant, Sire," said great-grandpa, and faith, he meant it too; he was a very tall, fine man.

"I do not love to hear of descendants, *mon vieux*; the King of Rome is a frail child."

"My Emperor will perhaps not remember that I was on guard on the Terrace that night. How we counted the cannon-shots till the hundred-and-first told us he was born! But I have not forgotten the noble *pourboire*, nor how we spent it at the Cadran Bleu!"

(It is true, you see, that the old *grogards* used to speak to him like family servants in the old plays.) He smiled, and, seeing my chance, I broke in with perfect sang-froid:

"Sire, all France is your descendant today. The whole of this trench, and two hundred miles of other first-line trenches, and another thousand miles of second-, third-, and fourth-line trenches, not to mention the *boyaux*, and the billets, and the rest-camps, and the bases, are full of your children."

"A goodly family, *mon brave*. I have sometimes been accused of being the father of my people in more senses than one, but I had not quite realized all this——"

Then his eye fell on the walls of the dug-out, and he got up and began to inspect them. Great-grandpapa's eyes followed his, and I thought my worthy ancestor would have died of an apoplexy where he stood. He began to gurgel out some sort of apology or explanation, but gave it up after a grunt or two. After all, it wasn't his affair; and how the deuce could a sergeant of the Old Guard have explained the contents of my Colonel's dug-out?

Pinned to the boards, between photographs of a Norman château and of a brace of cuddly babies on the lap of a pretty mother, were three little flags, French, English, and Russian,

and scrawled beneath them the words:

Vive la République!

• Vive le Roi Georges!

Vive le Tsar!

A flaming cover of *La Vie Parisienne* represented a John-Bulldog with a tricolor ribbon round his fat neck, a British sailor's cap on his head, and a cigarette in his mouth, giving a light to a French girl, who stood on tiptoe to reach him with hers. Stuck slantwise by its spike into a crack was a battered German helmet, with the green rosettes of a Saxon corps on the ends of its cheek-straps; and below it was written, "For cigar ends and other small rubbish." On the plank bed against the back wall lay a copy of last week's London *Punch*, open at a magnificent specimen of modern English art, a caricature of the Kaiser; beside it lay *Le Matin* of yesterday. The telephone was on the table; the squared map, and a field photograph and two aerial photographs of the enemy's position, were also on the walls—in short, there were all the usual paraphernalia of a Commanding Officer's habitation. I enjoyed myself a good deal in silence while the Emperor inspected these curiosities one by one. Whether or no his anger would have got the better of his astonishment I cannot say; but he was just stretching out his hand to the call of the field-telephone (God knows what would have happened had he rung it!) when he caught sight of my Colonel's candlestick, which was nothing else than an empty Chambertin bottle of the 1900 vintage.

"Ah! *mon Dieu*, my friend, for a glass of that wine if you have any left in the Camp," he exclaimed.

Old Agostin, the Mess Orderly, at once appeared, and placed on the wooden table a full bottle of the same wine, a tin of Russian caviare, some butter, three little loaves, and a noble ham.

"Pains de Gamache, as I live, my brave Sergeant!" said he, clapping me

on the back, and promoting me a step on the spot (at which great-grandpapa looked more grim than ever). "It is, then, from this good old ancestor of yours that you must have learned that, when I am at the Tuileries, I have these loaves sent express from Picardy every morning."

"And the ham is York, my Emperor," added the Mess Orderly. "A present to your Majesty from the General commanding the English Cavalry Corps on our left." (He said this with an oratorical flourish, you understand. When he is not in a dream of mine Agostin only grunts; he is a Flamand.)

Napoleon looked dazed, and repeated slowly, "English—Cavalry—Corps—on the left!" But Agostin had stumped out and closed the door. "It is the cold," said the Emperor turning to my great-grandfather; "it often produces the effects of drink. You have noticed that, *mon vieux*?"

Then I saw great-grandpapa prepare to tell an enormous lie. I saw it stick in his throat, and, so to speak, all over his face; but he only gasped out "Yes, Sire"; and the Emperor—he was unbuttoning himself in pleasing anticipation of his *déjeuner*—laughed, and fell to heartily on the viands. He ate much too fast for his digestion, and gulped his wine, à grands coups, rather than tasted it.

When he had nearly finished eating he turned to me and said: "It was well thought of, my dear Lieutenant, and I thank your Colonel, in whose quarters we appear to be, for the good cheer, though it is now somewhat late in the afternoon for a *déjeuner*. I am glad to see he has the ribbon" (the Colonel's spare tunic hung by a nail on the wall); "you shall present him to me anon. . . . Yet there is much that you must explain, Captain Lemieux; this communication with the enemy, for example. I am aware I have occasionally found it prudent to sell to

some firms in Paris licenses to trade secretly with the enemy, but at least I have never allowed an English newspaper to reach *any* brigade of my army. Berthier reads me extracts from them sometimes, especially the news of their Bourse, and the lists of their bankruptcies; he tells me this list is still fairly long, though it was longer last year. But from your attitude, Major, one would suppose that I was now at war neither with England nor with Russia!"

I was now getting used to rapid promotion, and had cast aside the last remnants of my awe. Moreover, before the end of his repast, he offered me a glass of the Colonel's most excellent Burgundy—stuff one has not tasted, except in dreams, for an eternity. I quaffed it off, and it inspired me to talk with the conviction of a Major of some years standing:

"But no, Sire; I think many things have happened since we were bridging that damned Beresina this morning. It is now near sunset; and if you will condescend to step to the door and look over the parados, both to northwest and southwest, you will see——"

*Thump* came a shell into our wire as I spoke, and flung mud and splinters forty feet into the air; then a second, then a third, almost in the same place. The Emperor turned a shade paler than usual, yet only for a moment; but I waited for the third report before letting him pass the door. Brother Boche, you know, is always mechanically exact in his times of firing, and the numbers of his salvos. Our guns were soon roaring a reply, and we could hear our shells whistling back for three or four minutes; then silence again.

"As I was saying to your Majesty, if you step to the door you will see some little black specks in the sky—two sets of them many kilos apart; they look like little birds flying in lines. These are respectively the French and English airmen returning from the evening

patrol over the enemy's positions—'the chickens coming home to roost,' we call it. See, there are still a few shells bursting below that last Englishman. He has been under fire for the last two hours; without doubt he will have a few holes through his canvas to show. So will they all have. But they are safe now; the white puffs are all far astern. I think these fellows have been on a joint raid as far as Saint-Quentin, or perhaps even Bohain. It's a dangerous service, and the odd thing is—perhaps just because of the danger—it makes even the enemy behave well. One of ours was shot down in their lines the other day; and I heard that two days afterwards a message was dropped from one of theirs over our aerodrome, saying that our gallant comrade had been buried with military honors at Cambrai. We shall find that grave one day, Sire. One of our airmen, a day or two later, dropped a wreath of immortelles at Cambrai to be laid upon it.

While I was speaking, the Emperor was standing at the open door. He had lugged his spyglass out of the pocket of his tail coat with some difficulty, and had tried to focus the airmen; but he put it back again with a "*peste!*" for he wholly failed. Then he looked—I assure you he looked long—with the naked eye, but either could not see anything, or would not believe his eyes—remember the winter dusk was beginning to fall. I suppose one cannot wholly transport even a Napoleon across a complete century; and perhaps all I said only convinced him that I was mad or drunk. Great-grandpapa was evidently of the same opinion; but a Sergeant in the face of his Major and his Emperor must suffer in silence. The great man, on the other hand, expressed himself—not so much to me personally as to the trench and the world in which he found himself—with astonishing clarity.

(See here, *mon capitaine*, we of the Allied Armies think we know how to swear—just because we have mutually reinforced our vocabularies; disabuse yourself of that idea. I *now* know what language could be in the Grand Army of 1812; I had it straight from his own mouth, and it was—Napoleonic!) No, I was not afraid; I merely changed the subject, and, in order to bring him back to earth, went on:

"Would your Majesty like to inspect our new machine-gun? We have one on trial, close by, from the Allies' workshop at Birmingham——"

"Birmingham!" he broke in; "it is most true. It was from that place that Didier Frères bought large consignments of those very buttons that my army is—was this morning, *hein?*—wearing in Russia; the cargoes are exchanged at sea and brought into Saint-Nazaire in an American sloop—the English Government knows all about it too."

"I don't remember, Sire; but this new gun—they call it the 'Lewis,' but we the 'Louis Dix-Neuf,' or the 'Saint-Louis,' or sometimes the 'Fils de Saint-Louis'——"

I heard him mutter, "Monte aux Cieux—ah, was that a blunder?" as we adjourned to the embrasure next door, where the Lewis gun was mounted. "You see, Sire, it is at present trained, over yonder crest, on to a road behind the enemy's second line of trenches; he seldom uses that road so early in the evening, but who knows? You might pick off one or two; we do not ordinarily care to draw their fire at this hour. You need not fear hitting that poor Saxon devil who has been hanging on their wire these three months—you can see him through this little peep-hole—the gun is sighted to clear all that." The Emperor took a look through the observation-hole, and turned away with a sort of shiver; then he put his shoulder to the gun, stiffly and

awkwardly, and aligned the sights. I adjusted the belt; he pressed the trigger, and the gun barked off a hundred rounds before I could stop him to explain that we usually fire in sets of twenty-five. Here, then, it was a very different story: the artillery officer realized at once the full significance of the weapon. "I have done it," he said, when he had exhausted the belt; "this is new; this is immense. Why with a tool like that you can fire hundreds of rounds a minute!"

"And the range is to a millimetre, Sire," I replied, as he drew on his glove again.

He stood plunged in thought. "There are inventor-fellows," he said, "especially in America, renegade Englishmen, too, sometimes, who profess to be Americans, who are always offering me new inventions, and machinery which will kill hundreds at a stroke. Would you believe it, just before I left Paris, one man sent me a set of drawings of a boat which would move under water by clockwork!"

"And sit at the bottom of the sea for a day or so outside an enemy's harbor; and then pop up and send——"

"I call them idealogues, everyone—but this gun? this Saint-Louis? that is a marvelous apparatus! Have I been wrong in rejecting inventions? Bah, talk not to me so! Are not my old grumblers" (here he pinched my great-grandfather's ear, who turned scarlet with pleasure) "my best weapons?"

"They are indeed, Sire, and ever will be, as we shall see when we get this Kaiser on the run; but meanwhile the said Kaiser is so expert with all manner of devilish engines, and so ignorant of the courtesies of civilized war, that it behooves us——"

"Colonel Lemieux" (I bowed profoundly at this now somewhat overdue step in my rank), "you keep on telling me about 'the enemy' and 'the Kaiser,' but you must be aware that the



only real *César, c'est moi*. Who is this that mocks my style? And who the devil is my enemy, if, as you assert, I am no longer at war with England or Russia? Is it by chance my ridiculous father-in-law again? I should not be a bit surprised, for I don't trust that spider-monkey Metternich; Caulaincourt is all against him too. It may be I haven't listened to Caulaincourt's advice enough. This morning the King of Saxony was my most faithful ally; but to judge by the vile use to which you put his helmets here, he seems to have ratted. I suppose those dirty Prussians, whom I have loaded with benefits—by God, Colonel, I let them keep Silesia!—have gone over too?"

Now here was a different Napoleon. No longer the artist in artillery, or the sceptical contemner of idealogues—a light was beginning to break in on him. So I said:

"Well, Sire, I don't know about the benefits; but you will find some of your children here who think you made a mistake in not exterminating those Prussians when you had them at your mercy in the year '7. 'Qui fuit rana nunc est rex'." (Now where on earth did I get that quotation from? It came of itself, and Napoleon smiled, so I think it must have conveyed a meaning to him.)

"Yes, but the present situation?" said he.

"It is this," I replied; "these gray-blue soldiers of yours are fighting this evening, in the closest alliance with your two enemies of this morning, against a new Germany which groans (but fights also—*mon Dieu*, she fights!) under the hand of the King of Prussia, who has not only usurped your Majesty's unique title, but some four of the richest departments of France. The King of Saxony, and the other German kings (who all owed their tinsel crowns to your Majesty's favor), not to mention the grandson of your own

more or less imperial father-in-law (an old gentleman of eighty-five, who ought to know better), are either Prussia's dupes or his trembling slaves. And our good English friends have come to help us drive them out. Listen, Sire; not fifteen yards from this gun you can hear Private Dusaulx, of my old company, practising 'Tipperary' on the mouth-organ. It is an English hymn—but he has given it up; he knows 'Auprès de ma blonde' better. Ah! now he is on the 'Marseillaise.'"

"I am not musical," said the Emperor. No more for that matter was my friend with the mouth-organ. But it was the idea that I was trying to convey. I wanted to do it gently, for it seemed to hurt him, and a great pity came over me when I looked at his noble head. My God, what a head it was, even in my dream! And indeed he began to grasp the notion that his world had undergone some great change.

"You give me food for thought, General" (his head sank forward strangely as he began to pace up and down on the plank in the trench, his hands clasped behind his back: he now looked aged and worn, and his words came slowly and disjointedly, more to himself than to me)—"food for much thought. . . . The 'Marseillaise'? But I forbade it—only this morning I said 'Tais-toi, canaille,' to a brave man who was humming it—was I wrong then? . . ."

(I ought to tell you, my captain, that about this time my great-grandfather had vanished; or, to speak more truly, it seemed to me that I and he had become one, that his personality was merged in mine, or mine in his—is it not often so in dreams?)

Then he went on: "And Caulaincourt? He loves me, I know that; yes, and he is the only one of the *vieille souche* who really loves me. You know what he is always saying, Lemieux? How he kept on at me, too, all the year '11!"

"Pardon, Sire, this morning I was

but a sergeant—or was it only a private?—I cannot recall the name of M. de Caulaincourt——” (You see I felt like a—what do you call it?—yes, a diplomatist, listening to entrap kings in their talk.)

“Bah! I tell you the Marquis implored me to seek accommodation with Russia. . . . ‘Our natural ally,’ those words were ever on his lips. . . . Was he right after all, my friend? But Alexander is sold to the English! I hold absolute proof of that. . . . Oh, but I forget, I forget, you speak of England, as my ally too.”

“But, your Majesty,” I cried, “the closest, the dearest, the most indispensable of allies” (all the fat was in the fire now, you see). “Just about a million of them on French soil now. They say they have near three millions under arms, and I hope it’s true.”

“Gascon! a truce to thy millions, call it twenty thousand rather—and they can fight then? Fight on land too, and with *élan*?”

“Pardon, Sire, I have no Gascon blood. I am from Tours” (you see my blood was getting up, and I spoke perhaps with too little respect); “just a wine-merchant, a bourgeois of Tours. I was only called to the Colors as a reservist when this campaign opened, and had no ambition even for a corporal’s stripe until my Captain recommended me for it after our battalion had been hard hit on the Aisne. I don’t pretend I love fighting for its own sake, Sire, proud as I am of the new rank your Majesty has bestowed upon me. But these English, I tell you they fight like tigers. They are mad, of course; perhaps you, Sire, have thought them a little mad in your time. They are the most frivolous, light-hearted people on earth, and make a jest of everything; they are not a bit like us sober Frenchmen. But fight, *mon Dieu!* On the Retreat, when they had nothing—neither shells, nor maps, nor food, nor

guns, hardly cartridges—and the Germans had everything, they stood between the enemy and Paris till whole battalions of them, whole brigades, were swept away, fighting to the last man. Why, they are as good as the best of our own, Sire! Who should know the English but I? There was a young artist from London—we met in the café, Rue des Fossés, one summer evening, it is seven years ago. His accent was dreadful, but he gabbled quite fluently, and he told me much about his country; and the next day we met again at Azay, whither he rode on the *bicyclette* to see the famous sculptor—I forget his name—who was executing some carvings in the restored château. It is the property of the Republic now. The wife and I went thither, too, by train—*endimanchés*, you understand, Sire; and we all had *déjeuner* together at the ‘Grand Monarque.’ Little André was a baby of two, and the Englishman, this artist Smith, he carried André about half the day on his big shoulders; and the upshot was that he came to lodge with us—Rue Grosse Tour—and stayed two months, riding everywhere on his machine to draw in the churches and châteaux. And since then we have never met (but he wrote me always mad letters from London) till I saw him riding back over the Marne bridge at Saacy—our advance had just begun again—on a transport mule; his head was bare, except for a bloody bandage, but I knew him at once. I got leave to fall out for a minute, and ran back to him. He greeted me most cheerily, ‘Hullo, old Best-man!’ (it is the English translation of my name, Sire); ‘who’d have thought of seeing you here? Comment ça va done? Nous avongs eu ung haut vieux tong, n’est ce pas? Vive la République! How’s Madame? Give my love to André. If you find an ear lying about by the roadside, a little way before you get to Montreuil, it’s mine;

you might send it me by post. Can't stop now, got to take a message to Brigade Headquarters. Carry on, old man, or you'll find yourself in the guard-room. Good-bye.' He is not a soldier, my Emperor; he has just come over to fight, partly for love of France, but far more for the fun of the thing, as thousands of them have done. I have never learned what rank he holds in the British Army, and I was too much excited to look for the badge of rank on his tunic—perhaps he is just one of their scouts; but he is *un brave des braves*."

The Emperor heard this long tirade of mine patiently, but half-incredulously, and then went on:

"And their fleet? Does it still cover all oceans? mop up the commerce of the world? drive the good neutrals (whose hearts are always with France, my friend) from the seas? trample on the law of Nations?"

"Sire, their fleet does many wonderful things, rest assured of that. But we do not know the details, nor do they talk of them; for we do not want *ce coquin Wilhelm là-bas* to know of them, nor his *infâme* Tirpitz. You will find none of these things in *Le Matin*, nor even in *Le Times*. On the other hand, these papers are full of all the doings of the great fleet of Wilhelm, especially of his submarine boats, and of the peaceable merchantmen, passenger ships and neutrals, whom they send to the bottom of the sea without warning. But of the British and French fleets *pas un mot*. We only guess at it all—the mines and the mine-sweepers and the monitors and the nets, and—and the little bells which ring. *Pardieu*, the sea has its great silences! Yet those things concerning which you ask, and which the British Fleet could do with ease, it does *not* do. The heart of the neutrals may be, as your Majesty says, with us, but their pockets are with the enemy; and the British Government is

so mortally afraid of offending the least of these neutrals (pretty fair pigs some of them are too, word of honor), that it will not let its ships do the things they could do; and the result is that the commerce of the world is still being poured into Germany from America through Denmark and Holland and Sweden. There are politicians, too, and financiers, who——"

"I do not understand that, General. Yesterday, when I was fighting these Islanders, whom you now say are my best allies, neither I nor they bothered our heads about the squeals of a few neutral shopkeepers, who always found, *quand-même*, means of feathering their nests at the expense of both of us."

"Nor do I understand it either, my Emperor. You see, until today, my business was to get my squad ready for sergeant's inspection, see that their Lebels were clean, and direct their fire on the Boches."

"What, then, is a Boche?" said the Emperor to me, his General.

I told him. No Marshal of France could have told him better. I told him many things with which I needn't weary you, my captain, who know them as well as I. He was impressed. enormously impressed at some of the things I told him. And he made one remark which sticks with me deep, out of all this misty dream which I am recounting so lamely: "There is nothing I could not do with France at my back," he said, "and I have done much. But you tell of things I *could not bring myself to do*, and would not do—no, not for the dominion of the Universe. Call it God, call it my Star, call it what you please, I should have slain the soul of France had I done such things!"

I heard him say that very quietly and slowly, his head sunk almost to his stomach—in the dusk scented with chloride of lime.

Suddenly he raised his voice: "Lemieux!"

"Sire?"

"What's that Pope doing now? Has he deserted me too?"

"I regret to say, my Emperor, that the Holy Father contents himself with bleating out an occasional whine—(there is a long Latin name for it, an en-en-encique—yes, an *encyclique*)—in favor of immediate peace. It is thought, among us, that he is not too sincere. But he 'weeps'—oh, yes, he weeps—at the destruction of Rheims and of a score more of noble French churches. One observes that he does not mention Jeanne d'Arc (who is our national saint today, Sire); but it is true that Rome never cared for her. In fact, then, we can only suppose that the Prussians, pestilent Lutherans as they are, have promised to restore to His Holiness the City of Rome and his other former temporal dominions; and so the old fox is only very moderately grieved over the destruction of Most Catholic Belgium, and at the rape and slaughter of the Belgian women and children, with which this campaign began. As I have had the honor of explaining to you, the enemy is still carrying on these pleasant practices."

Then I gave him a few more details of the Boches' work. It was strange to see him, the Corsican, absolutely flinch as he listened almost like a hurt child. He made, however, no comment, but said, when I had made an end of my recital:

"You will admit, General, that up till now I have known how to put the priests in their place?"

"And perhaps even too drastically, Sire, at times, if I may say so. I am a bit of a freethinker myself (at least in peace-time), though the wife—she is from Rocamadour, in Périgord, Sire—is good Catholic, but one must be just. We have many young priests fighting for France today; they make excellent soldiers, and are useful after a battle, too. But I don't think that, when peace comes, our French Catholics will

have much traffic with that snuffy old Tartuffe in the Vatican. He is what my English Smith used to call 'Finish.' What would your Majesty think of a tame French Pope—at Rheims, for example? Have not our allies got one at Cantorbéry?"

The Emperor groaned. "Ah, that *prêtraille*! Yes, I have made mistakes—but too many. But it is a hornet's nest that *prêtraille*—call it Rome or Rheims. Perhaps the King of Rome, if he lives, will know how to deal with it better than I."

Now what on earth could I, bewildered among the centuries and by my many steps in rank, say to that? I certainly could not even mention Italy. So I held my tongue; and soon, as the winter darkness deepened, his thoughts came back to the main point, and I heard him mutter: "But an English Alliance! What a dream! . . . the land and the sea . . . the world to divide. . . . Yes, but *à trois*, it seems, with Alexander too. . . . Well, he is good, though always at the mercy of some woman . . . these Empress-mothers are the very devil in Russia, do you know that, Lemieux? . . . An English Alliance! . . . Yes, and Italy cleared of my wife's stupid people, as well as from priests and Spaniards! . . . Spain? . . . That ass Joseph? Bah! that ass Joseph must go. . . . Oh, I have made mistakes upon mistakes. . . . But I have loved France. . . . France to be content with the boundaries of old Gaul? Surely that's enough?—"

"Sire," I broke in, "Belgium has for long, and now more than ever, made good her separate right. You will remember I have been telling you what her people have endured—"

"What! am I to cede Antwerp then? But have it as you will; I grow old, M. le Maréchal, I grow old. I fear you all think I have loved war too much . . . and perhaps that is true. I wish

now to give peace to the world . . . let it be as you will. . . I know that all my Marshals are saying the same thing as yourself; they wish to smash this last enemy to powder, and then to return to their wives and their dotations. Where is your dotation, Lemieux? I grow old, and I have forgotten."

"It has escaped my own memory too, your Majesty. It is true that I could do with a few hectares more added to my little vineyard on the hill behind Saint-Symphorien; but land costs dear there."

He did not listen to this modest request, but walked back into the dug-out and sat down wearily on the plank-bed, his hands in his pockets, and looking downwards at his stomach. Then he went on slowly: "Have it your own way . . . (God, what has that fellow Masséna not saved! millions upon millions!) Roll up that old map, Lemieux" (he pointed to the squared one on the wall). "I fear I shall not live to see the new one, but the King of Rome will know . . . will know. . ."

He was dropping off as if into a doze, but only for a minute. Suddenly he roused himself. "Yes, 'the most constant of my foes! but also the most generous'—who was it said those words, Marshal?"

"Sire, I cannot——"

"*N'importe*; I cannot tell either. But I tell you I had the peace that I now long for in my hands in the year '2, and I threw it away. God! I threw other things away, too. . . . The heart of Joséphine, yes (don't 'Majesty' me, Sir) . . . and the heart of France, almost. . . . There must have been some stuff in that fellow Pitt, too; I wish he had lived to see today. We could have done some things together! He and Maret could have *taillé en grand* on the map of Europe, eh?" (here the Emperor positively chuckled). "And yet I remember when those silly wind-

bags in the Convention could find nothing better to do than to proclaim him 'the enemy of the human race'!—a pack of lawyers and jobbers! But there were some grand fellows in the Convention too, Lemieux" (his head nodded again) . . . I won't have you run down the Convention."

"Sire, nothing was further from my thoughts" (and indeed nothing was), "but before your Majesty goes to rest, may I ask what we of the Alliance are to do with Germany when we have beaten her to the earth?"

Then he woke up definitely and sat bolt upright for a few moments. His face remained completely immobile, except for the wonderful eyes, which changed into pools of darkness. Then he stood up and paced the little room, his hands behind him, never once looking at me. (It seems to me, if my dream gives me any authority to describe him, as if Napoleon, having once devoured a man with his first glance—stare—glare—call it what you please—digested him at leisure, and hardly troubled to look at him again; this, mark you, Sir, is only my theory.) And at last he spoke, impersonally, as you might say, to all the ages:

"Maréchal, we of the old time—for I am become old, but very old——"

"But no, Sire," I said, as he paced to and fro. (And I could see from his back that the interruption flattered him. Do you know that his hands are not as delicate as they appear in his portraits? They are thick and short—but where was I?)

"Maréchal in the old days we made two cardinal mistakes. Do not you make the like when your turn comes. We were not, indeed, wishful to oppress the common people, but we were indifferent or utterly blind to the oppression that must needs follow in our wake. We took too much money from the conquered, and so we made too much misery. Why was this? It was



because, at bottom, we were *canaille*; yes, we giants of those days were *canaille*! Also we imposed forms of government on them. Again, why? Because we were also idealogues—*canaille* with ideals! That is bad. And that was our first cardinal error. Don't let it happen again. Do not impose too heavy money burdens; do not impose a constitution. Let those Germans, those Boches, stew in the juice their leaders have ladled out to them. Do you understand the order? Good."

"Decidedly," I thought to myself, "here is a man with a genius for adaptation."

"Our second error," he went on, "came from the same cause—that we were *canaille*, and therefore—how do the English say?—snobs. It was a little excusable, considering all the snobbery of all the centuries at the back of us, but it was a flaw in reason for us, children of the Great Revolution. We attached too much importance to kings! Yes, we always called them kings; even when they were fools and poltroons, as most of them were, we gave them pensions, courts, thrones, and all the rest of it. We kept them alive, anyway; them and the tradition of them. That was all wrong. If I had not been a snob, too, I should have seen it! But the apparatus, the glitter, and the crowns, and the courts, they deflected even me. I have paid for my sin. France has paid too—all Europe has paid in the years that followed me. But you—you have had time to think for yourselves, Maréchal. I never had that time; there were always so many fools for whom I had to think. *Mon Dieu*, what fools! . . ." (He paused a moment; all this while I was standing at attention. Somehow I imagine that even the real Marshals of France did that, when he walked up and down a room. Soon he went on.) "For that reason, Maréchal, there must be an example at the end of all this. But

an example at once terrifying and memorable! How many kings may there be over yonder?" (He jerked that wonderful head of his to the eastward. I counted as many as I could think of, remembering that royalties have been one of Germany's staple exports, dumped on other countries, as the English say, for the last century or so; he told them off his fingers. "Good," said he; "Danton sent only one as a challenge to the rest. We must have them all—for they have challenged all Europe, remember that, Maréchal. In each capital they have insulted—in the Place de l'opéra, in the Allée-Verte, on the Neffski-Prospekt, in Leicester Square *même*—"

"Pardon, Sire, Leicester Square is a little *démodé*. In London one walks now Place Carlton-Ritz, or in Bois-Saint-Jean; *ce cher* Smith he lives Rue de l'Abbaye, Bois-Saint-Jean."

"As you will. Wherever, in each of their cities, our allies go out to walk—a king. There will be enough to go round."

"What, Sire? *Shoot them?*"

"By no means. They have violated, as you have amply shown to me, all first principles. We must return to first principles, we. Hang them, and in chains; and leave them hanging till the last shred of flesh drops from their bones!—like that *drôle* whose body you showed me through the peephole, hanging in those wires!"

The Emperor's voice had been rising steadily as he pronounced sentence; and as our men were then passing to draw rations in the darkness, a group of them bunched together to listen. Napoleon stepped to the doorway and smiled at them. "Chantez, mes enfants," he cried, and saluted gravely as the "Marseillaise" rang out, "et chantez encore!" When the strains had died away, he turned to me:

"What, my old grumbler? hast lost thy cross? But thou hast been giving

it as a souvenir to some English Miss; I know thee, rogue." And then he unfastened the cross from his own coat and pinned it on to mine. And I  
The Cornhill Magazine.

awoke to find it was only old Lemaire digging me in the chest with his elbow.

A strange dream was it not, my Captain?

C. R. L. Fletcher.

### A CONVENIENT CONSCIENCE.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Theodore," began Mrs. Plapp, opening the door of her husband's study, "but I've just been listening at the top of the kitchen stairs, and from what I overheard I'm certain that girl Louisa is having supper down there with a soldier!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Plapp; "I can't possibly permit any encouragement of militarism under *my* roof. Just when I'm appealing to be exempted from even non-combatant service, too! Go down and tell her she must get rid of him at once."

"Couldn't *you*, Theodore?"

"If I did, my love, he would probably refuse to go unless I put him out by force, which, as you are aware, is entirely contrary to my principles."

"I was forgetting for the moment, Theodore. Never mind; I'll go myself."

She had not been long gone before a burly stranger entered unceremoniously by the study window. "'Seuse me, guv'nor," he said, "but ain't you the party whose name I read in the paper—'im what swore 'e wouldn't lift 'is finger not to save 'is own mother from a 'Un?"

"I am," replied Mr. Plapp complacently. "I disbelieve in meeting violence *by* violence."

"Ah, if there was more blokes like *you*, Guv'nor, this world 'ud be a better plice, for some on us. Blagg, *my* name is. Us perfeshnals ain't bin very busy doorin' this War, feelin' it wasn't the square thing, like, to break into 'omes as might 'ave members away fightin' fer our rights and

property. But I reckon I ain't doin' nothink unpatriotic in comin' 'ere. So jest you show me where you keeps yer silver."

"The little we possess," said Mr. Plapp, rising "is on the sideboard in the dining-room. If you will excuse me for a moment I'll go in and get it for you."

"And lock me in 'ere while you ring up the slops!" retorted Mr. Blagg. "You don't go in not without *me*, you don't; and, unless you want a bullet through yer 'ed, you'd better make no noise neither!"

No one could possibly have made less noise than Mr. Theodore Plapp, as, with the muzzle of his visitor's revolver pressed between his shoulder-blades, he hospitably led the way to the dining-room. There Mr. Blagg, with his back to the open door, superintended the packing of the plate in a bag he had brought for the purpose.

"And now," said Mr. Plapp, as he put in the final fork, "there is nothing to detain you here any longer, unless I may offer you a glass of barley-water and a plasmon biscuit before you go?"

Mr. Blagg consigned these refreshments to a region where the former at least might be more appreciated. "You kerry that bag inter the drorin'-room, will yer?" he said. "There may be one or two articles in there to take my fancy. 'Ere! 'Old 'ard!" he broke off suddenly. "What the blankety blank are you a-doin' of?"

This apostrophe was addressed, however, not to his host, who was doing nothing whatever, but to the unseen

owner of a pair of khaki-clad arms which had just pinioned him from behind. During the rough-and-tumble conflict that followed Mr. Plapp discreetly left the room, returning after a brief absence to find the soldier kneeling on Mr. Blagg's chest.

"Good!" he said encouragingly: "you won't have to keep him down long. Help is at hand."

"Why don't you *give* it me, then?" said the soldier, on whom the strain was evidently beginning to tell.

"Because, my friend," explained Mr. Plapp, "if I did I should be acting against my conscience."

"You 'ear 'im, matey?" panted Mr. Blagg. "'E's *agin* you, 'e is. Agin all military-ism. So why the blinkin' blazes do *you* come buttin' in to defend them as don't approve o' bein' defended?"

"Blowed if I know!" was the reply. "'Abit, I expect. Lay still, will you?" But Mr. Blagg being exceptionally muscular, struggled with such violence that the issue seemed very doubtful indeed till Louisa rushed in to the rescue, and, disregarding her employer's protests, succeeded in getting hold of the revolver.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was lucky for you," remarked Mr. Plapp, after Mr. Blagg had been forcibly removed by a couple of constables, "that I had the presence of mind to telephone to the police station. I really thought once or twice that that dreadful man would have got the better of you.

Punch.

"And no thanks to *you* if he didn't," grunted the soldier. "I notice that, if your conscience goes against fighting yourself, it don't object to calling in others to fight for you."

"As a citizen," Mr. Plapp replied, "I have a legal right to police protection. Your own intervention, though I admit it was timely, was uninvited by me, and, indeed, I consider your presence here requires some explanation."

"I'd come up to tell you, as I told your good lady 'ere, that me and Louisa got married this morning, as I was home on six days' furlough from the Front. And she'll be leaving with me this very night."

"But only for the er—honeymoon, I trust?" cried Mr. Plapp, naturally dismayed at the prospect of losing so faithful and competent a maid-of-all-work altogether. "Although I cannot approve of this marriage, I am willing under the circumstances, to overlook it and allow her to remain in my service."

"Remain!" said Louisa's husband, in a tone Mr. Plapp thought most uncalled for. "Why, I should never 'ave another 'appy moment in the trenches if I left her 'ere, with no one to protect her but a thing like *you*! No, she's going to be in the care of someone I can *depend* on—my old aunt!"

"I don't like losing Louisa," murmured Mrs. Plapp, so softly that her husband failed to catch her remark, "but—I think you're wise."

F. A.

## HERBALISM.

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN, M.A.

It will be strange if one result of the war which is now devastating Europe should be the revival of the peaceful pursuit of herbalism in this country. In

the olden times the occupation of a herb-gatherer was a common one. Almost every locality had its herbalist or herb-doctor, who gathered his own

plants and himself dried or otherwise preserved them, and who prescribed for the peasant-folk, and sometimes for the gentry, in the neighborhood around. Indeed, in some isolated districts the pursuit is hardly yet extinct. A herbalist's shop may still occasionally be seen in a side street of some country town, with bundles of bark and of dried herbs hanging up in the dingy window, and perhaps a twisted root of the wild briony, somewhat resembling a human form, the "mandrake" of primitive folklore. But, speaking generally, people have ceased to believe in herbs. They regard their supposed virtues as partaking of the nature of old wives' fables. They are, moreover, of opinion that there is something uncanny in the calling of a herbalist, akin to that of a witch or a wise-woman; and that such persons should be ranked with rogues and vagabonds and treated accordingly.

It may come therefore as a surprise to such people to learn that their opinions are mistaken. Herbs are still in common use. The old mediæval remedies associated with the monastic herb-garden, and with the labors of the wandering herbalist, have not become obsolete. Such plants as aconite and henbane, as foxglove and the deadly nightshade, as dandelion and valerian and the aromatic chamomile and many others, continue to be employed as in former times. But for many years past we have been accustomed to obtain them from foreign parts. There are, it is true, a few herb-farms in England—at Mitcham and Carshalton in Surrey, at Ampthill in Bedfordshire, at Long Melford, and elsewhere—but these establishments are not sufficient to supply the English market. Since the old race of herb-gatherers died out, the main source of our British drug supply has been Mid-Europe, particularly Germany and Austria-Hungary; and the war has declared it. We have come to realize, perhaps with

some astonishment, not that the use of "simples" is a superstition of the past, but that we have regularly received our medicinal herbs—the very same herbs that grow on our countryside—from the continent of Europe.

Not long since, the Board of Agriculture published a little leaflet calling attention to the matter. It appears that the Balkan War of 1912-1913 seriously interfered with the importation of certain herbs from South Hungary; and that the supply from that and other European countries has now entirely ceased. The drug known as Belladonna—the produce of the deadly nightshade—was derived from wild plants growing in vast quantities on waste stony places in Croatia and Slavonia. As many as fifty merchants were engaged in buying up the root and leaves from native collectors. The largest exporter in Slavonia sent out no less than 29,000 lb. of dried Belladonna-root in the year 1908. The supply of Digitalis—the common foxglove of our Hampshire woods—came to us almost exclusively from Thuringia and the Harz Mountains. So with the Thorn-apple (*Datura stramonium*, L.), the leaves of which are used as an ingredient in the manufacture of burning-powders for asthma, the supply came from Germany and Hungary. So with dandelion roots, for which there is a considerable demand, and with henbane—we looked to Germany for our supply. Sometimes, as in the case of poppy-heads and of chamomile flowers, Belgium supplied our needs. Speaking generally, it is as striking as it is strange to what an extent we had allowed the trade in medicinal herbs to pass from our own country to foreign lands. We imagined, as we have said, that the use of such plants was obsolete; that the drugs associated with nightshade and henbane, with foxglove and marshmallow, with tansy and mugwort, and wormwood and bastard-balm, were no

longer in common use. We have now learned that they remain, and are likely to remain, recognized and indispensable constituents of the *Materia Medica*; but that, these many years past, we have been wont to import them from Germany and the Balkans.

In ancient times the art of the physician was centered in the study of herbs. The remedies employed were almost entirely vegetable. The mineral and chemical medicines are of comparatively modern date, and came into use with the Arabic physicians of the Middle Ages. The priority of herbal medicines has left its trace, as the late Professor Earle, in his scarce and valuable little book on *English Plant Names* has pointed out, in the vocabulary of our language. The term "drug" is from the Anglo-Saxon "drigan"; and drugs at first were dried herbs. Thus the study of plants was identified with medicine; and when, in the sixteenth century, with the beginnings of modern botany, the chief cities of Europe established gardens for study, they were called Physic Gardens. There were famous Physic Gardens at Oxford and Padua and Nuremberg. Our early herbalists had gardens of their own—Gerard in Holborn, Parkinson in Long Acre, and Johnson on Snow Hill. But generally the herbs needed in medicine were gathered on the countryside. In connection with the Chelsea Physic Garden, established by the Society of Apothecaries, there was a regular system of botanical excursions, or, as they were termed, "herborizings." Members of the Society with the apprentices, would make, under competent leadership, expeditions in the neighborhood of London, and sometimes further afield, for the express purpose of investigating the flora and of collecting herbs. Early in the seventeenth century these "herborizings" were quite a feature of the work at Chelsea, and gave an impetus to similar

excursions on the Continent, organized by such distinguished botanists as Haller and De Jussieu, and Linnæus.

Among the plants of chief repute in modern times, and of which until the outbreak of war there was a considerable import from the Continent, the most important is probably *Atropa belladonna*, or deadly nightshade. It was formerly abundant in England, especially in the neighborhood of ruins, and may still be found in certain localities. In old Gerard's time it grew, he tells us, "very plentifully in Holland, in Lincolnshire, and in the Isle of Ely at a place called Walsoken neere unto Wisbitch." He also "found it growing without Highgate, neere unto a pound or pinfold on the left hande." It may still be seen in comparative abundance in a few localities in the South of England, but owing to the deadly nature of its poisonous berries it is often purposely destroyed. At the close of the eighteenth century the roadsides at Otterbourne, near Winchester, were, we learn, clothed with it, but, adds Mr. Garnier, afterwards Dean of Winchester, "I mean to procure its being rooted up from thence, as a very dangerous situation for it." The plant is now gone from the roadsides of Otterbourne, but in several places near Winchester this handsome plant grows abundantly. Another well-known drug is extracted from the *Hyoscyamus niger*, or henbane, a near relative of the deadly nightshade. This herb has hitherto come to us almost entirely from Germany; although, like the belladonna, it grows wild in England. I have found it in many localities, although never in any great abundance. It is a striking plant, with large, clammy, clean-cut, light-green leaves, and strangely beautiful flowers of a rich creamy color marked with purple veins. The seeds and capsules, smoked like tobacco, used to be a rustic remedy for the toothache; and indeed the whole



plant is strongly narcotic. Its comparative scarcity in England may account for its importation; but why should such drugs as *Taraxacum* (dandelion roots) and *Digitalis* (the common foxglove) come to us from abroad? The dandelion is one of the commonest of British plants, and the wild foxglove grows in vast profusion in our woods and coppices. Yet we have been almost entirely dependent on Germany for both these drugs. Another herb, largely used in cattle condiments, is the wild fennel, abundant on the sea-coast of England, especially in the eastern counties; yet again we have looked to Germany for our supplies.

A few other medicinal plants, in high favor with the old herb-gatherers, and still in constant medicinal use, may be mentioned. There is the wild balm, spelled "bawne" by our scholars the herbalists, which grew in profusion beneath the Norman keep in my former parish of Porchester; and which, if any man make a "decoction thereof, and drink in wine, is good against the bitings of venomous beasts, and comforts the heart, and driveth away all melancholy and sadness." There is comfrey, abundant on the banks of our streams and rivers, which "helpeth those that spit blood, and healeth all inward wounds and burstings." There is tansy, regularly cultivated in the old monastic herb-gardens, from which tansy-cake was made at Easter-tide, The Outlook.

and concerning which good Mr. Nicholas Culpepper assures us that "the herb fried with eggs (as is the custom in Springtime), which is called a Tansy, helps to digest and carry away those bad humors that trouble the stomach." And in addition to these priceless remedies there is marshmallow, plentiful in salt marshes and on the banks of our tidal creeks; and the greater celandine, from the golden juice of which an infallible decoction was made for the cure of yellow jaundice; and the common yarrow, called by Gerard "nose-bleed," since "the leaves being put into the nose do cause it to bleed, and so ease the pain of the megrims."

It may not unreasonably be expected that one result of the present European conflict will be that once again herb-gatherers will be met with on the countryside; that our "simples" will be sought for, not on the plains of Germany, but in the pleasant fields and copses of Old England; and that our countrymen may at length realize that hedgerow remedies are better than "outlandish gums," and that the virtue of home-grown *Digitalis* is at least equal to the plant imported from the Harz Mountains. So will the poor despised herb-gatherers come to their own again; and men will discover that Gerard and Johnson and their humble followers were not such arrant impostors as they in their infatuation had fondly imagined them to be.

### SCARCITY IN GERMANY.

It is not without significance that the German Chancellor's last speech should have been devoted almost entirely to the internal situation; and for the first time we have been made officially aware of the fact that numerous pamphlets have been written complaining of the high prices, the policy of the authorities, the censorship, and so on. It would be

a mistake to infer from all this that a collapse of Germany is likely, though it is interesting to observe from various indications in the Press to what extent the German Empire is suffering. One of the best-known of the Agrarian organs, the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, published a warning comment on the new Food Ministry (May 23d), and openly

informed its readers that there must be a scarcity in spite of the efforts of the Government. The supply of milk and butter, the writer said, might improve; but only if no further inroads were made on the livestock of the Empire for the sake of adding to the meat supply. "In any case, apart from the question of dairy cattle, the public must make up their minds to abstain largely from the consumption of meat, at any rate during the summer. . . . The number of cattle in Germany has not greatly diminished, but its quality as meat has suffered seriously; and the stock of pigs has declined from 25½ millions to 13 millions." On the question of the harvest the writer is even more emphatic: "As for cereals, the harvest prospects are comparatively favorable, but, of course, even a good harvest this year cannot surpass a mid-dling harvest in normal times." It may be said with all possible emphasis that an article in those terms could not have appeared six months ago without the Censor's interference, and its publication in Count Reventlow's organ is now all the more striking.

Shortage of meat and cereals at home is likely to be aggravated by the fact that certain imports are being cut off by neutral countries. The Norwegian Government has prohibited the export of sterilized milk and cream (*Aften-posten*, May 29th); the Dutch Government is restricting the export of new potatoes (*Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, May 25th), and of olive and train oil and saltpetre (*N.R.C.*, May 24th), and the Danish Government has prohibited the export of maize and compressed fodder, among other articles of consumption (*Hovedstaden*, May 17th). The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (May 18th) strongly recommends the keeping of milch ewes: "When the young lambs have ceased to depend on suckling for their growth, the supply of ewes' milk available

should do much to relieve the prevailing scarcity of milk."

In addition to the food shortage, the authorities in Germany and Austria are troubled by a dearth of certain raw materials, especially, of course, those controlled by Great Britain either at the source or through the ocean highways. The report for 1915 of the Brunn Chamber of Commerce (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, May 26th) complains, for instance, of the straits of the Austrian textile industries generally, particularly the lace and curtain trade. Other branches of the textile industry, it appears, have been able to adapt their machinery to the production of war materials, but the finer branches of the industry have been unable to do so and are suffering in consequence. In view of the scarcity of the raw material all cotton manufacture was stopped throughout Austria by the rescript of December 31, 1915. It may be remembered that similar restrictions were officially made known in Germany so far back as August, 1915, and all textile materials and products were taken over by the German Government early in the present year. The official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (April 1st) gives minutely revised regulations with regard to cotton manufacture and maximum prices, and emphasizes the embargo on the raw materials required in the textile trades. The immediate results of this (*Vorwärts*, May 8th and 26th) "has been to deprive quite half the number of workers of their employment," and the Administrative Board of Berlin has had to consider urgent unemployment measures and relief grants. The Social Democratic members of the Corporation strongly object to the "utter inadequacy" of the official scheme, "in view of the unheard-of high prices of the necessities of life and the tremendous depreciation in the value of money."

While these indications of exceeding

discomfort are of interest, there are no signs of collapse, either in the near or in the remote future. There is a living minimum; and the German State, as we know, exercises more and more control month by month. But there is sufficient discomfort to make the people of Germany very anxious for peace, and that is no doubt why the Chancellor made overtures and complained so bitterly that they were

*The Economist.*

unheeded. The "war map," on which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has laid so much stress, includes, of course, the sea map and the economic map as well as the land map, and the utter defeat of the Central Empires on the sea and its severe sufferings in the sphere of economics sufficiently explain their readiness to treat on the basis of restoring the map of Europe.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Readers who are curious regarding the ancient science—or pseudo-science—of astrology, and who would like to know the possibilities of its application to modern problems and destinies will find all that they want, and possibly more than they had dreamed of, in Katherine Taylor Craig's "Stars of Destiny" (E. P. Dutton & Company). An historical sketch of the science, and a review of the place which the sun, moon and planets have held in the thoughts and apprehensions of men is followed by detailed directions for the study of horoscopes, illustrated with various maps and charts. Incidentally horoscopes are given of the present rulers of Europe and other prominent personages. It appears, for example, that the Kaiser is threatened with false friends among inferiors, deceit from members of his family, and possible disaster from the watery element, indicated by "the afflictions of Neptune in the mid-heaven." To most sane people, it will seem that there are more profitable fields of research than this.

Mr. Walter Emerson sings the glories of Maine in "The Latchstring to Maine Woods and Waters." His notes are lusty, and his range extends from the dividends of Maine railways, to Maine fish, lumber, moose, guides, forests, melons, timber, the Portland organ, and

the tall sons who are making the most of them. "The country is looking to Maine, coming to Maine," he says, and he urges America in general to come and stay for the summer. What Mr. Emerson does not like is the Maine man who does not work for his State, but uses noisy machines that frighten away deer, fish, and summer visitors, and pollute the pine-scented air with evil odors, and he sternly reproves this erring brother, bidding him observe that he injures himself and repels inoffensive fellow beings desirous of paying him good money for provisions and service. He hymns the romance of Pemaquid with its fort and lighthouse, and the thrift of Monhegan which catches lobsters in accordance with its own wise laws and profits by its austerities. Between forty and fifty photographs illustrate the pleasant book, and if one really cannot pack fishing tackle and "all the flies there are" and hurry away, one can have a very pleasant afternoon in examining them and reading the joyous text. Houghton Mifflin Company.

If there had risen suddenly, on the literary horizon, a short-story writer who combined some of the best qualities of O. Henry, Bret Harte and Sarah Orne Jewett, yet with a flavor of his own, fiction-lovers would certainly re-

gard his advent as a boon. Much the same thing has come to pass in the revival and republication of two volumes of "The Stories of H. C. Bunner" (Charles Scribner's Sons) for it was twenty-five years ago that some of these stories were published, and twenty years ago that the author's literary career, already full of achievement as well as of promise, was cut short by death. Fiction writers come and go with such rapidity that these stories, to most present-day readers, will be as new as if they were now published for the first time. They have, moreover, a freshness of theme and manner which will keep them young for a long time to come. Such stories as "The Zadoc Pine Labor Union," "As One Having Authority," "Love in Old Clothes"—an up-to-date story told in quaintly-spelled English—and "French for a Fortnight" are not for any limited time or audience. Bunner's stories suggest comparison with O. Henry's more than those of any other writer, partly because the scene of most of them is New York, but they are less grim and sordid. Such a story as "Crazy Wife's Ship" might have been told by Miss Jewett. But every one of the twenty or more stories in these two volumes is well worth reading. The two longest, "The Story of a New York House" and "The Midge" almost pass the short-story length. Each volume has a frontispiece but there is no further attempt to decorate them, and there is no need of any.

The Jasper B. was a remarkable craft, and the tale of her adventures, as related by Don Marquis, in "The Cruise of the Jasper B.," is an extravagant and highly amusing burlesque of the amateur nautical novel, and also of the Sherlock Holmes stories, and their imitations. Indeed, the author comes very near to ridiculing the entire body of current fiction, aiming good humored

stabs now at one writer, now at another, and sparing no nation between the Tanais and the Pillars of Hercules, reserving his sharpest thrusts for Mother England. One Lady Agatha, for instance, describing the idiosyncrasies of her own class, says, "Certain things are done. Certain things are not done. One must conform or——" she interrupted herself, and delicately flicked the ash from her cigarette, "conform, or be jolly well damned," she finished, crossing one leg over the other, and leaning back on her chair, she then proceeds to give certain intimate details concerning her family history, moral, anatomical and physiological, and adds a brief account of her sufferings as a suffragette militant. The Jasper B. carries one detective, Wilton Barnstable and his two Watsons, Barton Ward and Watson Bard, all three present on business; a reformed convict, and a reformed minister with eyes too beautiful for his own good, and she has a mixed crew of miscreants, prudes, and duelists, and some clockwork bombs, and a tunnel for ballast. The suffragette finds a lover, the detective finds a wife, and in 1925 is the father of D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis Cleggett, and has refused to receive an earldom from King George, but amiably consented to its bestowal upon his second son, Athos. Also the Jasper B. carries two mysteries, one dripping ice water at every seam, and the heart of this damp mystery is the mainspring of the story. Don Marquis dedicates his book to "All the copy-readers on all the newspapers of America" and his hero, C. J. Cleggett, is a copy-reader upon whom fortune drops half a million at two o'clock in the morning. Does he stay at his post with Casabiancan loyalty? Not at all. He tells the managing editor exactly what he thinks of him, and departs whistling, leaving the editor to fume in impotent wrath. Mr. Clement J. Cleg-

gett is a fellow of infinite jest, and the apparatus of his history is worthy of him. D. Appleton and Company.

Mrs. Margaret Rebecca Piper's "Sylvia of the Hill Top," is Utopian, and therefore wholesome for young readers, as they ought to wish to reform the universe, for Sylvia contrives greatly to improve her corner of it, before the story leaves her on her way to two perfectly good weddings. During its progress, she has brought about the foundation of an admirable home for young working-girls bereaved of their natural protectors, and needing shelter from the dangers and hardships of workaday existence, and has helped many lame dogs over stiles without making any fuss about it, or becoming too bright and good. Some of the characters in Mrs. Piper's earlier novels pass across the hill-top in a natural manner, and add to the general joyousness of the story. The Oxford settlement movement extends to this side of the water and causes such excellent tales as this, and such places as are described in "The House in Henry Street," and every sign of its activity is to be acclaimed. Sylvia is not yet married, be it observed, but is free to use her fortune in making pretty philanthropical experiments, so there may be another Sylvia book next year. The Page Company.

No stronger, more varied or more up-to-date presentation of the conservative side of the woman question has been made than is contained in "Feminism: Its Fallacies and Follies," by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin (Dodd, Mead & Co.). In the first section of the book, Mr. Martin discusses the subject from the man's point of view, and in the second section Mrs. Martin

considers it from the woman's point of view; and they agree in their conclusions, though not in the processes by which they reach them. The keynote of Mr. Martin's argument is found in his opening chapter, in which he sets feminism over against humanism, defining feminism as female anarchism, which decries distinctions of sex and would abolish them, striving to make women more like men; while humanism stands for social obligation, seeks to cherish the family, glories in distinctions of sex and would develop them, and would make women less like men. With this introduction, Mr. Martin passes to the consideration of the industrial subjugation of woman, and the humanist industrial program for women; exposes what he regards as the fallacy of equal pay for men and women; shows the connection between feminism and free love; and groups some startling statistics and quotations in chapters on "The Woman's Movement and the Baby Crop" and "The Fading of the Maternal Instinct." His arguments are well considered, and based upon wide information; and his style is forceful and pungent. Mrs. Martin's section of the book is piquant in style, and practical in its reasoning. She considers, from her own observation, the effect upon family life of the woman's college, the professional career, "economic independence," the apartment house and hotel life, devotes a chapter to "the passing of the family" and another to the feminist fallacy that woman has now nothing to do in the home; and analyzes and vigorously attacks the feminist views of W. L. George, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Ellen Key.